THE MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT OF P——;

SHEWING AT ONCE

The DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES of VICE, and the HAPPINESS in being VIRTUOUS.

A NOVEL,

Tranſlated from the GERMAN,

BY

F. W. STREIT, F. DUCAL S. at JENA.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for the TRANSLATOR,

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN, in Bartlet's Buildings,

And Sold by J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall,

S. BLADON, in Pater-Noſter-Row, and

R. DYMOTT, oppoſite Somerſet-Houſe, in the Strand. 1767.

BRITISH MUSEUM

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COUNT OF P——.

MR. Worden's ſurprize at the condition he found me in, could not be greater, than mine at ſo unexpectedly ſeeing him, and the ingratitude, with which I had rewarded his affection towards me, at once repreſented itſelf to my thoughts. I appeared in my own eye to be one of the moſt ingrateful of men; each kindneſs, he conferred upon me rebuked me afreſh, and perhaps in

the diſorder his appearance had plunged me in, I ſhould not have heſitated depriving myſelf of life, had he not been ſo cautious on his entrance, as to take the piſtol away, he found at my feet.

I was quite mute to all the queſtions he aſked me; my eyes were rivetted on the unhappy Engliſhman, whom I beheld on the floor, weltering in his blood, and I was too much aſhamed to look at Mr. Worden. His firſt care was to aſſiſt the Engliſhman, ſince he found me out of danger, and diſcovering ſome ſymptoms of life in him, he ſtrove to ſtop the blood; but the Engliſhman repulſed him with ſome vehemency. 'I rejoice, ſaid 'that unhappy man, ſmiling on Worden, 'that your aſſiſtance comes too late, and 'only pity that gentleman (who undoubt-'edly is your friend) that he was too ir-'reſolute to become happy. I am ſo!' added he—and expired.

A cold

A cold ſweat ran thrilling to my heart on ſeeing him die, and I could not forbear ſaying to myſelf, 'Lord, what is 'now become of him?' 'What melancholy myſteries are theſe to me! exclaimed Worden in tears; deareſt friend, 'continued he, I conjure you, by all the 'ſacred ties of friendſhip, diſcover them 'to me.'

He overloaded me with all the tokens of tenderneſs. 'Alas! Sir, replied I, 'do you know, on whom you laviſh your 'kindneſs? It is on him, who is quite 'unworthy your friendſhip, and whom 'you ought to deſpiſe. Can I bear the 'ſight of you after the injuries you have 'ſuffered from me?' 'Spare your complaints, anſwered he, interrupting me, 'I did but what an honeſt man ought to 'do. Satisfy my deſires concerning this

'unhappy adventure, of which I have 'so lately been a witneſs.'

I executed his orders, and informed him of my acquaintance with the Engliſhman, and the method we had fixed upon, to end our unhappy life. He trembled at my repeating the danger, I had ſo narrowly eſcaped. 'What thanks are 'due from me to providence, ſaid he, 'who ordained me to be the inſtrument 'of your preſervation! Would to God, 'it had alſo pleaſed him, to ſave through 'me your unhappy friend!'

He was acquainted with his countryman, and atteſted, that he had really been poſſeſſed of merit, but that his country had ingratefully overlooked it; and, ſhedding tears at his untimely end, alone found comfort in the joy of having ſaved me. He cauſed him to be buried, and concealed the real nature of his death,

under

under the pretext of his having accidentally ſhot himſelf.

I have never been able to recollect this horrid circumſtance of my life without ſhuddering. Why was I worthier, than that Engliſhman of that divine mercy, which prevented me from falling into the abyſs, I was daring enough to approach? Could I require a more obvious proof of the care of heaven, with which it guards its creatures, than the preſent? At that time I little thought its inviſible hand conveyed Mr. Worden to that place, in order to ſave me from the utmoſt miſery, which could befal me.

This tender friend had learnt with the greateſt diſpleaſure, that I had left the merchant's houſe, which he had fixed upon for my retreat, till I had better recovered from my misfortune, and was able to receive further proofs of his

friendſhip; and had ſpared neither pains nor expences to diſcover my abode; at laſt he had ſucceeded, and it was to his care I was obliged to for life.

He preſſed me ſo long, that I accepted of his lodgings, where he informed me, that ſome buſineſs of importance had obliged him to depart from France after the unhappy duel betwixt me and Lord R—, and the uncertainty concerning my life, in which he was forced to leave this kingdom, occaſioned ſome coolneſs betwixt the Lord and him. He returned juſt at the time I was in priſon.

'And you were ſo generous, ſaid I, 'interrupting him, to ſave me from a 'misfortune, into which the folly of my 'love, and my contempt of your friend-'ſhip had involved me, by a conſiderable 'ſum, which I ſhall never be able to 'repay.'

'You

'You do me too much honour, Sir, 'replied he, I knew nothing of your mis-'fortune on my arrival in Paris, and 'perhaps I might not have known it, 'but when too late to assist you. Con-'cerning your deliverance, I did nothing, 'but execute the orders of a person, 'whose remembrance, I suppose, is still 'dear to you; and I will transgress her 'orders by discovering to you her name, 'in order not to share her glory. Had 'the merchant been less loquacious in 'conferring upon me an honour, I do 'not deserve, it might perhaps have been 'for ever concealed from you.

'Julia happened to be just at that 'time at Paris, when your late misfor-'tune was the common talk of the town. 'She learnt there the whole of your mi-'sery; I visited her concerning some bu-'siness, which had made me acquainted

'with her, and which I ſhall relate to you 'another time, and ſhe knowing me to 'be your friend, I was informed by her 'of your melancholy accident, and re-'ceived from her the money, neceſſary 'to ſatisfy your creditors, which at that 'time I was quite unable to raiſe.'

This circumſtance of Mr. Worden's relation was to me a freſh ſource of grief, though this penetrating friend did not perceive it. I found, the more I had offended my friends, the more generous they had behaved towards me, and this thought was ſufficient to make me grieve. In the interim Mr. Worden's relation was not quite ſincere; to be ſure Julia had given the whole ſum for my deliverance, but I learnt a great while afterwards, that my friend had forced her to re-accept half of it.

All

All Mr. Worden's care was not ſufficient to diſſipate the repreſentations of my miſery, which continually attended me, and the averſion to life was not as yet wholly extirpated in my heart; for I ſometimes returned to my late folly of becoming a ſelf-murderer; but the vigilancy of my friend, and perhaps my natural timidity, prevented me. I oftentimes obſtinately defended the falſe principles, the Engliſhman had inſpired me with, but it was very eaſy for him to refute me. 'I ſhall only, replied he, make 'uſe of the weapons of natural religion 'againſt you. Who has the greateſt 'claim to the glory of an hero? that 'man, who is ſubdued by his misfor-'tune, and deprives himſelf of life; or 'him, whoſe patience no miſery can 'ſhake. You never can be in ſuch cir-'cumſtances, wherein you are quite uſe-'leſs to the world; for you may at leaſt

'give it an example of patience, if you 'are of no further ſervice to it. Your 'condition is either miſerable, or happy 'after death. In the firſt caſe your fu-'ture misfortunes are always harder, 'than the preſent, becauſe they are eter-'nal, and therefore it will be ever a hap-'pineſs to avoid it; in regard to a bliſs-'ful ſtate, you can claim no pretence to 'it after death, as it is only the reward 'of virtue, and you will never be able to 'reckon hatred, impatience and cruelty, 'which excite you to ſuicide, amongſt 'virtues.'

With the ſame care he refuſed my murmurs againſt human kind. 'The 'major part of men, ſaid he, is undoubt-'edly wicked; but your own heart will 'teach you, they are not all ſo, and 'ſometimes our complaints againſt man-'kind are only founded on a too partial 'repreſentation of our own merit. We often-

'oftentimes accuſe them of injuſtice at
'the very time, we behave ourſelves ſo
'towards them. Let us by our doctrines
'leſſen the number of the wicked, and
'ſtrive by our examples to encreaſe the
'ſociety of the good; and you will find,
'that we have every day leſs and leſs rea-
'ſon, to complain againſt human kind!'

My friend eaſily perceived the obſtacle, which prevented his ſalutary principles making an impreſſion upon my heart; for they were moſtly deduced from religion; and how was I able to feel them, ſince I had abandoned it. He rendered me the moſt important ſervice he could, by gradually bringing me back to it, proving, by degrees, into what erroneous paths I had trod; that my misfortunes were the fruits of thoſe follies, and that they would always render me uneaſy, if I did not return to religion. A mightier power touched my heart and permit-

ted me to feel the force of his repreſenta-tions. I now trembled at the atrociouſ-neſs of the crimes, I had committed, and I baniſhed from my mind all the pernici-ous principles, which through the un-happy converſation with the Chevalier, that of his friends, and through my own paſ-ſions had taken root in my breaſt. I re-membered all the counſels, I was obliged for to my father and Mr. F—, and reli-gion, which I once more thought amia-ble, ſupported me in my miſery; if I did not ſubmit with the ſame patience, Mr. Worden would have done, I at leaſt bore it in ſuch a manner, that I did not through blaſphemy encreaſe my guilt. A deep melancholy only oppreſſed my heart. Mr. Worden ſhared with me my ſorrow, and by participating of it, he ad-ded more force to the principles, he ad-vanced to conſole me. By relating his hiſtory he gained my whole confidence; for I perceived he had been more unhap-

py,

py, than myſelf, and though it yielded me a kind of comfort, yet it was not ſo powerful, ſince he had not through his own miſconduct, merited (as I had mine) his misfortunes, and had therefore no cauſe to bluſh at them; as on the contrary I had the greateſt reaſon to be aſhamed of mine. What difference between a man, who is unhappy without his conſcience being able to reproach him, and ſuch a perſon, who, being wretched, knows himſelf the author of his own miſery! I will here inſert my friend's hiſtory, as it is capable of ſhewing virtue in diſtreſs, and with what reſolution it bears the ſcourge of fate.

He was the ſon of an Engliſh gentleman, a Roman Catholick, who educated him with peculiar care and tenderneſs, but whoſe bigotry for the Romiſh faith was the firſt origin of his misfortunes. As by the Engliſh laws Roman families

are

are excluded all public offices, old Mr. Worden brought up his two ſons with greater zeal to ſciences, that they might employ their future years in them. My friend's good ſenſe, joined to a profound learning, made him ſoon diſcover the great errors of this profeſſion, and one of his friends, who was an Engliſh proteſtant, ſtrengthening his doubts, young Mr. Worden aſſumed the proteſtant religion after having firſt duly examined it. His father was apprized of his converſion juſt as he was going to marry him to a young and beauteous lady, poſſeſſed of great accompliſhments.

Lucy Harvey (the name of this lady) loved him with the ſame ardor, he adored her, and his father, who according to his principles, counted his ſon among the damned, felt the utmoſt uneaſineſs concerning his change of religion. His paternal love made him extremely ingenious in

in endeavouring to ſnatch his ſon (as he called it) from eternal ruin. In vain he laviſhed on him repreſentations, promiſes, prayers and threats, young Mr. Worden remained ſtill unmoved, alone concerned at the tears, he ſaw his father ſhed, occaſioned by his falſe and ſuperſtitious ideas, and inwardly pined as being author of a parent's uneaſineſs, he tenderly loved, without being able to ſuppreſs it. At laſt his father grew weary of that indulgency, he had exerted to overcome his ſon, and believing that his profeſſion authorized him, to apply force on ſo important a matter, he one morning ordered his ſon to attend him in his cloſet. Young Worden was frightened, when he perceived his father in the utmoſt rage, holding out a piſtol in his hand, exclaiming in his uſual choler; 'It is time for 'me to revenge myſelf through thy blood 'on a villain, I myſelf have generated. 'Abjure this moment your damned here-

'ſy,

'fy, or die!' Old Worden perhaps thought by this method to frighten his ſon into obedience, or perhaps the exceſs of paſſion (a chief part of his character) might have rendered him really capable of perpetrating a crime, he would often have repented; but young Worden fell at his feet and conjured him by the moſt moving filial entreaties to allow him liberty of conſcience, though at the ſame time headded with that fortitude, becoming a chriſtian, he was maſter of his life, if he refuſed him that liberty. The tears and entreaties of the ſon diſarmed the cruelty of the father. However he was obdurate enough to forbid him his preſence and roof, having once more vainly eſſayed what his tenderneſs could effect.

Worden fled to the arms of Lucy, to forget in them the rigor of his fate. Freſh torments here awaited him; for old Mr. Harvey was his father's moſt intimate

mate friend, and though he was not ſo obſtinate a Roman Catholick, he declared to my worthy friend, that he muſt forget all hopes of ever poſſeſſing Lucy, unleſs he immediately abjured his hereſy.

Lucy, who was as much concerned as himſelf at theſe threats, joined with his adverſaries in order to combat him. Was it poſſible to attack him in a more powerful manner? She ſtormed upon him with all the frightful weapons, love had armed her with, with flatteries, with tears, nay even with threats of hating him. Alas! what a conflict in his breaſt between love and religion! He, who never ſhook at all the menaces and entreaties of his father, now for the firſt time trembled at the tender remonſtrances of his beloved, though at laſt he obtained the moſt difficult victory in his life. Religion conquered, but her triumph coſt him tears.

He

He employed all his reſolution to make this declaration, that he could never purchaſe his love at the expence of his conſcience. One melancholy ſcene now ſucceeded another; they tore his beloved from his arms, in ſpite of his tears, and his brother was mean enough, to force himſelf upon this unhappy lady as an huſband.

They compelled her to give him her hand, and Worden was obliged to witneſs this melancholy marriage. It was not ſufficient, that he alone ſuffered, he was obliged to ſee her alſo ſuffer, whom he loved more than himſelf, which made him reſolve to leave ſo mournful a country. But Lucia conjured him not to haſten, by his departure, her approaching death. However, his preſence was of no further uſe to her, than to increaſe her love towards him, and her whole life was a continual

tinual ſcene of grief and ſorrow. She frequently reproached Worden with cruelty, as the author of her ſufferings, and he vainly endeavoured to cure her of her frailties, his repreſentations ſerving but to increaſe her anguiſh and reproaches.

She returned her huſband's careſſes (who really loved her) with diſdain, and he hated his brother, as he looked upon him as the cauſe of her contempt. At laſt death deprived her and Worden of the ſorrows, to which ſhe had abandoned herſelf, and ſhe expired in her firſt lover's arms, tenderly ſaying; 'I ſincerely for-'give you my death.'

Her huſband, forgetting by this loſs, what he owed to reaſon and duty, endeavoured to revenge himſelf on his brother, who had deprived him, though innocently, of ſo dear a wife, and he had no method left to eſcape the threats, but by a ſpeedy

a ſpeedy departure. Hated by his father, perſecuted by his own brother, and guilty of a lady's death, whom he had wiſhed the greateſt happineſs, he arrived in Holland, attended by his grief, of which nothing could comfort him, but that he was not through vice the author of his misfortunes.

A friend had recommended him to Lord B—, who at that time had great power, and who treated him with all the marks of benevolent friendſhip. Being acquainted with the indifferent circumſtances of Mr. Worden, he promiſed to obtain for him an important office.

One evening he called upon him, and locking himſelf up in a cloſet with him, he ſaid, accoſting him; 'here I have the 'pleaſure of giving you a commiſſion for 'a very lucrative place. It is the leaſt I 'am willing to do for you, and you may 'pro-

'promiſe yourſelf every thing from my 'friendſhip. However, added he, tak-'ing very confidently by his hand, I aſk 'one ſmall favour for it, which is but a 'mere trifle. I am carrying on a law-'ſuit, whoſe loſs would coſt me one of 'the moſt principal parts of my eſtates, 'and the preſervation of it depends only 'on my proving a certain fact; there-'fore, proceeded he ſmilingly, I ſolicit 'but a trifling oath from you, by which 'you ſhall witneſs this fact, and I ſhall 'in the interim acquaint you with all 'that is neceſſary for your knowledge. 'Take theſe hundred louis d'ors, and '——' Worden did not wait till he had done, but left him with the greateſt ſpeed, without deigning to give him an anſwer.

He eaſily perceived that he had every thing to dread from the reſentment of Lord B—, and therefore fled to Leghorn, where

where he was informed on his arrival, that he had happily eſcaped through his flight the ſnares of this villain, who would not have ſpared his blood, in order to conceal his own crimes.

He there found an aſylum againſt all want in the friendſhip of Mr. Stepney, whom trade and other circumſtances had obliged to quit England, and ſettle with his family at Leghorn. Mr. Stepney annexed to the ſtation of a merchant a manner of thinking, which put him above many Lords of the firſt quality.

His riches, he was neither obliged for to avarice nor impoſition, but to the bleſſings of providence and his own induſtry; and conſidered them always, as lent to him, in order to take care of them as the property of the helpleſs, and to divide them amongſt thoſe, who had not been able to take the charges of them

them-

themſelves. The more he received, the more he gave away, and the more he gave away, the richer he became.

This character of a merchant ſeems to be a little improbable, but it will not be thought ſo, if one conſiders, that he was the only one in Leghorn, and round about in many country towns.

His daughter Elizabeth ſupplied the loſs of her mother, whom ſhe had loſt ſome time before. Her natural good qualifications ſhe had ſtill more perfectly accompliſhed through her taſte of reading the beſt Engliſh and French authors, and they, who were once acquainted with her, were dubious, whether they ſhould be more ſurprized at her underſtanding or at her beauty; though the man of ſenſe at laſt declared for the former, and the beau for the latter.

In this honeſt merchant's houſe Mr. Worden happened to live, and Stepney's daughter baniſhed by degrees all ſorrows concerning his misfortunes from his mind. Her converſation changed his former melancholy into another ſpecies, which was to Worden as agreeable, as the former had been mournful. In ſhort, Mr. Worden already loved Miſs Betſey moſt fervently, when firſt he conſulted his heart, whether he ſhould, or not?

The young lady had not been in the leaſt more cautious in defending her heart againſt Worden; but timidity prevented Worden to confeſs his love, and the modeſty of the fair ſex commanded his beloved, not to reveal her's.

The ridiculous conſtraint, with which they concealed their paſſion for each other, and a thouſand other circumſtances, betrayed

trayed to old Stepney their perturbation, he being as experienced in the myſteries of love, as he was honeſt, contrary to the cuſtom of his commercing fraternity, in his mercantile affairs.

One morning he came with a merry countenance to Worden, and informed him with his uſual ſincerity, of the approaching marriage of his daughter, ſaying, 'I ſhall to-day beſtow my daughter's 'hand on a handſome and worthy young 'fellow, and I hope you will not delay 'coming early to the dining room.'

They could not have brought Worden worſe news, as he could form no pretext of excuſing his preſence without rendering himſelf ridiculous. His daughter learnt as unexpectedly from him, that ſhe was to prepare herſelf on that day, to accept an huſband from his hand, and an hundred of her excuſes artfully derived

from her too great youth, from her inclination to be with her father, and from her averſion againſt marriage, proved fruitleſs, as old Mr. Stepney commanded her, in the voice of a father who exacts obedience, firſt to ſee her intended huſband, before ſhe refuſed him.

Time, which is often accuſed of ſloth by ſingle ladies, approached much too ſoon for young Miſs Stepney, and ſhe, accompanied by Mr. Worden, entered the room with a countenance, on which fear and ſorrow was expreſſed. They found her father in company with a very ancient acquaintance, who had been for a ſhort time a widower, and neither in the leaſt doubted, but what he was the deſtined huſband.

Miſs Stepney trembled, and Worden joined compaſſion to his grief for ſuch a young lady's unhappy fate. Old Mr. Stepney

Stepney was the only merry perſon preſent, and he complained to Mr. Worden concerning the diſguſt his daughter ſeemed to have at his choice, giving him, at the ſame time, a portrait, adding, that it repreſented the intended huſband of Elizabeth, and aſking Mr. Worden, whether he had made a good choice?

Worden looked at it, and ſcreamed out aloud. It was his own picture; for he had, at the intreaties of old Mr. Stepney, cauſed a very renowned limner to draw him, and Stepney had taken a copy of it.

Miſs Betſey ſummoned all her virgin modeſty, to conceal the joy which had ſucceeded her firſt ſorrow, and her father was quite proud of the ſtratagem by which he had impoſed upon her and her lover, receiving with a confident aſpect all the

praiſes Mr. Worden had conferred upon him on this occaſion.

A few weeks after, this worthy friend was rendered quite happy, and the ſacred rites authorized him to embrace as his lady, the virtuous Stepney.

But alas! his happineſs was but ſhort, in order to make him feel with more acuteneſs his misfortunes; they loſt old Mr. Stepney a few months after their nuptials, and with him a great deal of their pleaſure, the riches he left him being unable to add to their happineſs, which beſides they did not want, as they loved each other. Their ſon, who expired ſoon after his birth, was a freſh cataſtrophe to them, but theſe misfortunes were nothing in compariſon to the approaching ones.

Mr. Worden formed an unhappy deſire of making a tour through Italy, whither

ther his lady accompanied him. They were chiefly pleaſed with Florence, where they commenced an acquaintance with the Marquis of Pr— and his lady. The Marquis poſſeſſed ſome good qualifications, but they all vaniſhed in the moſt atrocious extravagancies of jealouſy and revenge, to which he commonly abandoned himſelf. He did not appear to be inſenſible to Mrs. Worden's charms, though her rigid virtue kept his paſſion in proper bounds. The Marchioneſs revenged herſelf on her huſbands jealouſy by endeavouring to impoſe upon it; for the auſtere and the too careleſs huſband are two rocks, equally dangerous for the virtue of a married lady to ſplit upon. She ſaw Mr. Worden and it was ſufficient for her to love him, as he was not her huſband, had he been poſſeſſed of no other worth at all. The ſevere inſpection and perhaps the nature of the inhabitants do not permit an Italian lady thoſe little arts,

which ours are ſo well verſed in, and which are made uſe of under the pretext of an eſtabliſhed decency. She ſoon found an opportunity to acquaint Worden with the conqueſt, he had gained, but though he refuſed her offers, he nevertheleſs did not offend her ſex by any expreſſion offenſive to virtue and modeſty. The Marquis was too attentive not to obſerve the freſh paſſion of his lady, and that gave him a ſufficient reaſon to hate Mr. Worden and to watch every ſtep, he took with the utmoſt care.

One evening Worden and his lady entertained themſelves on the happineſs of their love (the uſual converſation, in which they employed their leiſure hours) when a meſſenger informed him, that the Marquis had been thrown from off his horſe and laid dangerouſly ſick at one of his country ſeats, where he wanted to ſee him. Mr. Worden obeyed the duty of friend-

friendſhip, though it was very late, and he arrived with his guide in the middle of night at the appointed place. He was ſurprized at the circumſpection, with which they carried him to the Marquis, and his heart already began to apprehend ſome danger, when after a great many turnings, he was ſhewn into a room, where an old woman opened a cloſet door adjoining to it, and locked it after him. The whole riddle was now diſſolved; he found the Marchioneſs of Pr— laying upon a couch in the moſt wanton diſhabille, who exclaimed to him in the voice of an opera ſinger, 'Will you ſuf-'fer me to die, cruel Worden?' confeſſing to him, that ſhe had contrived to bring him thither in the abſence of her jealous huſband by this deception, in order to make him and herſelf happy. She did not wait his anſwer, but incircled his neck with her fair arms and loaded him with kiſſes. It was dangerous for Worden!

he was but a man, and he had two powerful enemies to fight, his desires and the enamoured Marchioness. He trembled and reproached her, though in a fearful tone; perhaps he could sooner have disengaged himself from her embraces, than he did, but he did not; and this delay cost him very dear. The enraged husband of the Marchioness, at that juncture entered the closet with some armed servants, just when she was renewing her attacks by embraces and flatteries.

His jealousy had discovered means to learn the conversation of his lady with Mr. Worden, and to surprize them, where he found his friend in her arms, in which she kept him incloſed in spite of his feeble assistance, not doubting but that his shame was complete. The confusion, which his aspect plunged his two enemies into, eased him of the trouble to overpower them. 'I shall know how to revenge

venge myſelf, ſaid he aſſuming a cool look, which ſeemed to threaten the moſt cruel vengeance; and Mr. Worden was carried to a place of ſafety, wherein he had ſufficient leiſure to reflect on his paſt and future fate. He perceived the danger, in which his virtue had been, and thanked providence, which had ſaved him from it, though in an unfortunate manner. He accuſed himſelf of deſerving ſome puniſhment for the lenity, with which he reſiſted the wanton Marchioneſs; but could he imagine, that ſhe would prove ſo cruel as ſhe really did?

Some days after, they carried him back to the ſame cloſet, where he was ſurprized by the Marquis; but what a barbarous proſpect preſented itſelf to him! His lady ſat near the Marquis on the very ſame unhappy couch; her tears, her diſordered dreſs and the ſneering countenance of the Marquis informed him of part of his miſ-

fortune, and ſhe ſunk down ſenſeleſs at the ſight of her huſband. The cruel Marquis ſoon recovered her by the uſe of ſome ſtrong ſpirits, and ſaid to Worden in a contemptuous tone; 'take your 'lady back; I am revenged.' The unfortunate Mrs. Worden threw herſelf at her huſband's feet, and exclaimed moſt movingly; 'Revenge me on this barba-'rous man, who has polluted my virtue; 'and revenge yourſelf on me, who has 'injured you.' The Marquis, who apprehended, he ſhould loſe his life, had ordered Worden to be brought thither bound and it is certain that, had he been at liberty neither religion nor the danger, he was expoſed to, would have prevented his taking the moſt ſatisfactory revenge on this abandoned wretch; but, confined as he was, he could only by his looks compaſſionate his unfortunate lady, and implore heaven's aſſiſtance, in juſtly puniſhing the Marquis, who was brutal enough

enough to rejoice in the pangs of this unhappy pair. The moving ſcene, in which each of them accuſed the other as the guilty party, and in which they reciprocally aſked pardon, was unable to ſoften the Marquis's heart, who without the leaſt ſign of repentance ordered them to be brought to his coach, and with all neceſſary precaution had them conveyed under a ſtrong guard to Leghorn. 'I 'grant you your life, ſaid he to Worden, 'before he departed, in order to puniſh 'you the more by having made it miſera-'ble.' The villain had rendered it alas! but too miſerable, and Worden was alſo tormented by freſh deſpair.

The invincible reſolution, with which his lady avoided his looks and refuſed his embraces, induced him to ſuppoſe, that the Marquis had artfully inſinuated to her he was inconſtant; but his fears were groundleſs. The Marquis, who found

it eaſy to allure Mrs. Worden to his ſeat under a plauſible pretext, had indeed endeavoured to conquer her virtue, by deſcribing the perfidy of her huſband in the vileſt manner; but ſhe was too well convinced of her huſband's chaſte conduct, than to let him ſucceed, and informed him, that he had nothing to expect from his villainous and ungenerous detractions; after which he changed his flatteries into force, and ſacrificed the unhappy Mrs. Worden to revenge and luſt.

The little ſatisfaction he felt in not being hated by his lady through a ſuſpicion of falſehood, vaniſhed under the grief, in which he beheld the only object of his happineſs ſuffer. She fled his kiſſes with the ſame ardor, ſhe had before laviſhed them upon him. Thoſe eyes, in which he had often read the happineſs of his love, were now totally devoted to tears, of which he

was

was the cauſe. In ſuch places, where ſhe had often aſked him amidſt the moſt tender embraces, 'do you love me?' ſhe now bade him, in the phrenzy of her grief, to hate her and to forget a wretched woman. Could Mr. Worden, unaſſiſted by religion, have born theſe hard trials? No certainly! yet he was expoſed to ſome harder.

His lady, who had been hitherto dumb to all his comfortable and tender aſſurances, ſeemed now to be ſenſible of them; but alas! ſhe did it only to blind him: for the firſt opportunity, after ſhe had cauſed his vigilance to ſlumber, ſhe fled his arms, leaving for him the following letter.

'MY DEAR,

'HOW willingly would I add that 'dear word, huſband, did my miſ-'fortune permit me. I go to conceal myſelf

'myſelf from your preſence, which I 'never could behold without remember- 'ing afreſh my ignominy. Heaven! 'how could I think, that parting from 'you, which I always looked upon as the 'greateſt and laſt of my misfortunes, 'ſhould be the only means to reſtore to 'me a ſmall part of my former tranqui- 'lity. I fly you; but the remembrance 'of your love and tenderneſs ſhall al- 'ways attend me, and if it mortifies me, 'that I have been unworthy of that af- 'fection (which was my only wiſh,) I 'ſhall comfort myſelf, that I am puniſh- 'ed for it by my own hand, through my 'departure from you; you will ineffec- 'tually trouble yourſelf to diſcover my 'retreat, in which I ſhall always employ 'myſelf in prayers for your happineſs, 'and for remiſſion for my crimes. My 'jewels and the ſum, you have kindly 'left me at my free diſpoſal, are, beſides

'the

'the induſtry of my hands, ſufficient to
'ſecure me from want. May the re-
'mainder of my fortune, which I leave
'to you, palliate at leaſt the ſmalleſt
'part of that grief, which your unhappy
'lady has occaſioned you—(permit me
'to repeat this ſweet name once more)—
'Forgive her, by whom you have been
'moſt cruelly, though involuntarily, in-
'jured, and pardon the villain, who is
'the barbarous cauſe and inſtrument of
'your tears and mine. Awaken me by
'your example to execute the moſt dif-
'ficult action of my life (to forgive him)
'I do not deſire any more your love and
'tenderneſs, but I intreat your compaſ-
'ſion, which as yet you never have re-
'fuſed to the unhappy, and which con-
'ſequently you will leſs refuſe to her,
'who is the unhappieſt of all mankind.
'Adieu, deareſt Worden, the laſt minute
'of my life ſhall be devoted to your
'remembrance, by

'Your unhappy Elizabeth.'

The

The forlorn Worden ſhook beneath the load of his misfortunes, and ſcarce could he bear them without murmuring. He fled with a heart full of revenge and injured love to Florence, in order to find out the deſpicable Marquis of Pr—, which hitherto religion, and chiefly the concern for his lady had prevented.

This villain was like the reſt of his brethren, too great a coward to expoſe his life to the juſt revenge of the injured Worden, and had abſconded himſelf by flight. The fate of his wanton wife was as little known as his retreat, and Worden wandered every where in Italy, in order to find Stepney's unhappy daughter; but it was all in vain. Oftentimes he complained of her cruelty in deſerting him, and oftener of his careleſſneſs, in having ſuffered her to fly. At laſt he returned to Leghorn, to give orders concerning

cerning his fortune, and then to ſearch without delay.

When he was at Leghorn, he met with the above-mentioned accident concerning Olympia and Lord R—, which made him haſten his departure from Italy. His inquiries for his lady were fruitleſs, as well in England as in France. Mean time the comforts of religion leſſened his impatience relative to the loſs of his lady, and his hatred to the Marquis, though it never totally conquered his melancholy.

The pleaſure of meditating in ſolitude on his misfortunes, and renewing her image, and his ſorrows in his breaſt, was the only happineſs he was acquainted with. He was at thoſe times the moſt contented, when he could ſigh without the leaſt interruption.

This

This is the melancholy hiſtory of Mr. Worden, who often interſperſed his relation with tears, which were ſo moving, as to affect me alſo; we embraced each other at the concluſion, and forgot our grief for a moment in the pleaſures of friendſhip.

My friend's hiſtory however increaſed my averſion to love, and I frequently ſaid, 'We can never be happy with it; 'is it virtuous, it has every thing to ap- 'prehend from the ſnares of vice, and is 'it vicious, it puniſhes its ſlaves by its 'own deluſive pleaſures.'

My friend did not quite agree with my ſentiments, but I reſolved in the mean time to baniſh it for ever from my boſom; nay I was fooliſh enough to conſider myſelf already quite invincible, regretting the hours, I had devoted to it, and deſpoiled

ſpoiled honour of them. How much more charming did the latter now appear to my eyes! for it alone I reſolved to live for the future. The only reflection on the difficulty of proceeding in the paths of honour, (which had been very much increaſed ſince the loſs of my rank and eſtates,) diſturbed the pleaſure of projecting the picture of my future grandeur; as I remembered how hard it was at our age for merit to acquire admiration and reward without being attended by riches and a high rank. I projected many deſigns concerning my future life in Mr. Worden's company, who ſhared with me all his affluence, though not one ſingle favour had the appearance of a benefaction; his chief care was, to eaſe my mind, and what could prove impoſſible to his ingenuity?

One evening as we were ſitting together in the moſt intimate and friendly conver-

converſation, we were moſt agreeably ſurprized by an unexpected viſit. The door being opened, Mr. Worden found himſelf in the arms of Mr. F—, who arrived that day at Paris with the young Count, to whom he was preceptor, and could not prevail upon himſelf to dreſs, before he ſaw his friend; their rejoicings were equal to their friendſhip, and Mr. Worden firſt interrupted them by ſaying, 'Do not laviſh away your careſſes, you 'have another friend to embrace; for 'here you ſee the Count of P—, who 'has a greater claim to you than me.'

Mr. F— was aſtoniſhed when he ſurveyed me. My wretched countenance and my miſerable dreſs had rendered me quite unknown to him, being neither acquainted with the cruel behaviour of my enemies in my native country againſt me, nor with the unhappy end of my fooliſh and deſtructive paſſion for Fanny.

I threw

I threw myſelf round his neck, and begged him to forgive the injuries, he had ſuffered from me, and to grant me part of his former love.

Mr. Worden related to Mr. F— thoſe of my misfortunes, which occaſioned me leſs grief, than it induced the virtuous to hate and deſpiſe my uncle; and he was ſo kind as to conceal ſuch as would have made me bluſh.

Mr. F— hearkened to this melancholy relation with that compaſſion, I might promiſe myſelf from his virtue and affection towards me. The flattering deſcription which my partial friend made on finiſhing this relation concerning the alteration of my life, expelled Mr. F—'s melancholy countenance.

'You are very unhappy, ſaid he to 'me, dear Count, but you will always 'benefit by your misfortunes, ſince they 'have brought you back to virtue; ſhould 'it be the will of providence to leave you 'in the condition you are, your virtue will 'always eaſe you by aſſuring you of hav-'ing deſerved a better fate; and ſhould 'you again become as happy as you have 'been, your former miſery will ſtill con-'tinue to inſtruct you neither to forget the 'vanity of your fortune, nor to deſpiſe 'thoſe, who are unhappier than you.'

Mr. F— introduced us the next day to his young Count, a Nobleman of great accompliſhments, but who would have been more amiable had he never ſeen France, as he was poſſeſſed of the common error of the Germans, the error of imitating. He wanted to dreſs, to talk like a Frenchman, and in ſhort he wanted

to be as fantaſtical as the French; though he gained nothing by ſuch behaviour, but his appearing ridiculous to his countrymen, and inſipid to the Frenchmen.

Mr. F— took himſelf the utmoſt pains to cure him of this weakneſs, and at laſt he ſucceeded; for the rational method, he applied to reproach him of his ridiculous conduct, and the ripening underſtanding of the Count, delivered him juſt at the right time from a foible, which cauſed many of his countrymen to be as great fools in their old age, as they had been in youth. The firſt time of our ſeeing the Count, we perceived ſo much merit in him, that we cemented a ſtrict friendſhip with him before we parted.

Some time after Mr. F— had left us, looking for ſomething in my pocket book, I was greatly aſtoniſhed to find a draught of one thouſand louis d'ors in it, eſpecially

ally as it was impoſſible to have been put in by any body elſe except Mr. F—, who muſt have got hold of the book by ſome method or other. I ſealed it up in a cover, and ſent it back to him by a man unknown under the pretext of a letter, but it was to no purpoſe; for the merchant, on whom the money was drawn, brought me himſelf the caſh the next day, and all my refuſals were in vain, though I reſiſted Mr. F— as much as poſſible. He began, for the firſt time, to have words with me, and ſaid to me, 'It belongs to you, for you have lent it 'me; the honeſt merchant, to whom we 'have advanced ten thouſand dollars, has 'already paid me one half; you muſt take 'it, proceeded he, with ſome warmth, 'or is it your intention to cauſe me ſome 'more reſtleſs nights?' However he could not perſuade me to accept more than five hundred louis, for which ſum I gave him

him a note, though my circumſtances then rendered it very unſecure.

Mr. F— and Mr. Worden were continually diſputing, who ſhould ſhew me the moſt kindneſs. I went in their company to ſee the country round about Paris, in order to diſſipate, by the variety of objects, my melancholy thoughts, and my departure from France was fixed upon, as ſoon as I ſhould have recovered my former tranquility.

One day we went to the Abby ——, the retreat of the young Marquis de la Roche, as the great character, they had given us of the Marquis's reformed manner of life, excited in us a deſire to ſee him; we found him amidſt his uſual pleaſures, which, together with the daily acts of religion and his love to mankind, alternately employed him; he was in a

ſmall garden, formed by his own hand and cultivated by his own induſtry.

He received us with that ſerene and contented countenance, which no earthly enjoyment, but virtue alone is able to give us. How different was he, from what he had formerly been! a praiſe-worthy contempt of all, what the fool commonly calls happineſs, and honour; a ſtrict obſervation of the moſt rigid duties, which the bigotry of his religion exacted from him; a ſincere repentance, when ever he recalled to his memory his paſt years, and an unwearied ardor of extirpating their remembrance by a number of glorious actions, ſhined forth in all his converſations. 'You have been, ſaid he 'blushing, witneſſes of my vices, gentle-'men, be now alſo witneſſes of the re-'pentance and ſighs, I daily devote to be-'wail them. It is but two years ſince I 'began to live; all the former years I 'loſt.

'loſt. What an irretrievable loſs! can
'I with all my tears eradicate the poig-
'nant remembrance of my having been
'vicious? how tormenting is this
'thought, and how happy is he, whoſe
'conduct exempts him from its ſting!
'I ſee you now, Sir, ſaid he accoſting
'me, attended by two of the worthieſt
'friends; your company authorizes me
'to conclude, that yon almighty power,
'which moved my heart, has been as
'merciful to you. Be faithful to virtue,
'for you never can be happy without it,
'and never unhappy with it!' The ho-
neſt Marquis had an houſe, which he had
built out of his remaining fortune, adjoin-
ing to the Abby, and had endowed it
with all the neceſſary revenues, which
was appointed as an hoſpital for ſuch un-
happy men, who laboured under heavy
diſeaſes either of the body or mind, and
whom the care of the founder provided
with all, that was neceſſary for their cure,

or to mitigate their misery; whither he carried us to shew us the conveniency of the building. 'This place, said the 'Marquis, I look upon, as the most in-'structive, wherein I can learn the vanity 'of human pride.' We had sufficient opportunity to admire the good order and care, which reigned throughout this theatre of human misery. Sundry persons, who partly through want of common necessaries, and partly through the cruel self-interestedness of their fellow creatures would have lost their lives, were obliged for the preservation of them to the Marquis's charitable institution.

Here the Marquis was informed, that the man, who was received a few days before into the house and who had observed him and his company through the window, desired to see them. Our friend told us, that they had found this wretched man in the open fields in the miserable condi-

condition of a raving madman, and with the utmoſt pains had conveyed him to the Marquis's hoſpital. Sometimes he had for ſeveral hours no fit of madneſs, and in ſuch intervals the Marquis had viſited him, having diſcovered in him a good ſtock of ſenſe, and a very good education, though he had never been able to induce him to give an account of his circumſtances. To all his queſtions the ſtranger had anſwered with broken ſighs, and had ſometimes amidſt them returned to his former phrenzy. We conſidered his deſire of ſeeing us, as an effect of his diſordered brains; for he did not know us, and what reaſon could he therefore have to converſe with us? but their aſſuring us, that he was now in his proper ſenſes, and our curioſity of ſeeing him and hearing, what he had to ſay, induced us at laſt to comply with his deſires. But what horror ſeized me, when I ſaw him in the room, wherein he was confined in chains! his

decayed countenance, his eyes full of wild fire and his wretched dreſs, which hung in rags upon him, did not conceal his real perſon from me. He was the Abbé, Fanny's brother, who ran towards me as far as his chain permitted, proſtrated himſelf before me on the ground, and ſtretched his hands in a moſt moving manner towards me, ſeemingly to implore my aſſiſtance. 'Pardon, my 'Lord, exclaimed he in a diſmal tone, 'pardon your greateſt enemy, if it is 'poſſible for you!'

Mr. Worden and Mr. F— now recollected him, and entreated me to leave him; but he conjured us not to add to his deſpair by our contempt, and we therefore reſolved to ſtay. He ſaid he could not be eaſy, till he had made me a confeſſion of his crimes. My friends perceived, how much this relation would coſt me, and endeavoured to diſſuade him

him from it, but he insisted upon being heard, and thus began:

'Fanny and myself are the most villainous creatures upon earth, who have 'ever dishonoured human nature with 'their crimes. The real name of Fanny 'is Olympia of C—, who by birth is an 'Italian; but her mother, a French lady, 'accustomed her from her infancy to the 'manners of her country, wherefore it 'was easy for her to pass for a lady of this 'nation.

'My father was the Marquis of S—, 'and being very poor, he designed me 'for a Knight of Malta, as on the other 'hand Olympia was condemned by her 'parents to a nunnery, though notwithstanding their numerous offspring, they 'possessed an immense fortune. I saw 'Olympia in the convent, where she was 'educated, and perceiving her very often,

'I had the pleaſure of obſerving, that 'my looks were encouraged by her's.

'The ſanctity of the place and the 'number of obſtacles could not prevent 'me riſking a confeſſion of love, and my 'ſuit was not rejected, though the future 'ſtate to which each of us was appoint-'ed, and the difference of our parents 'fortunes oppoſed our happineſs.

'I diſcovered to my father my wiſhes, 'and begged him to alter his reſolution 'concerning my future fate. A long 'time he was dumb to my prayers, but 'at laſt I ſucceeded, and I even induced 'him to propoſe our marriage to Olym-'pia's father, who knew nothing of mine, 'but the name and the report of his be-'ing poor. Wherefore he refuſed with 'diſdain my father's proffers, an act very 'natural to a perſon, whoſe whole merit 'conſiſts in his wealth; and my father

loaded

'loaded me with reproaches, that I had 'expoſed him to the contempt of ſo 'proud a fellow, ordering me, at the 'ſame time, to think on nothing, but 'on becoming worthy the dignity, he had 'deſigned me for.

'The obſtacles, which oppoſed my 'paſſion, did not decreaſe it. I learnt, 'that Olympia was returned to her pa-'rents from the nunnery, in order to ſtay 'there with them ſome time, till ſhe 'ſhould enter her noviciate, and being 'quite unknown in the family, I left my 'father, and was fortunate enough to 'be accepted in Olympia's houſe as a 'footman.

'Her love and mine ſoon prevailed 'upon her to allow me every thing, I 'intreated, and ſhe quickly began to 'feel the effect of our familiarity. Ac-'cording to the ſcheme, we had laid, I

'withdrew to a place of ſecurity, in or-
'der to wait patiently the iſſue of our
'fate. Mean while Olympia diſcovered
'to her father her real condition and
'mine; but he was inexorable to all the
'humble prayers, by which ſhe conjured
'him to ſcreen her from ignominy by
'ſpeedily uniting her to me, and perhaps
'he would have ſacrificed her to the ex-
'ceſs of his rage, had not her mother
'prevented him. He behaved to her in
'the moſt cruel manner, and ordered
'her to be ſecured till the next day, in
'order to carry her to one of the moſt
'auſtere nunneries.

'This barbarity from an unrelenting
'parent, rendered his daughter and my-
'ſelf unhappy, and became the ſource
'of all our future crimes. Olympia
'eloped at night through the aſſiſtance of
'her native art, and flew to me. We
'fled to Rome, where we ſpent ſome part

'of

'of our life perfectly happy through the 'affiſtance of the jewels and money, 'which Olympia had carried along with 'her, without being in the leaſt inter- 'rupted through our parents enquiries. 'Here Olympia was delivered of a daugh- 'ter, and we were inhumane enough to 'murder her, in order to free our- 'ſelves from the hardſhips, her life would 'have expoſed us to.

'The careleſſneſs, with which we aban- 'doned ourſelves to our deſires, plunged 'us ſoon into the utmoſt miſery, and we 'had no other choice remaining, but 'either to ſtarve or beg for a ſupport. 'However, Olympia made me a propo- 'ſal, which, though it affected my paſ- 'ſion in the moſt tender part, proved 'very ſucceſsful to us.

'My charms and the voluptuouſneſs 'of mankind, ſaid ſhe, are ſure means

'to procure us the neceſſary conveniencies of life. Let me enſlave the heart 'of a rich fool! he will load me with 'preſents, and I ſhall ſhare my plenty 'with thee. Thou ſhalt always remain 'the idol of my ſoul, and our art will 'never want an opportunity of keeping 'up a correſpondence betwixt us. I 'hope thou wilt not capriciouſly refuſe 'our happineſs for ſome trifles. It is but 'juſt, that thou ſhouldſt not be more 'ſelf intereſted than thy rival, who ſhares 'with thee his plenty.

'The power her repreſentations always 'had over my heart, and the unhappy 'circumſtances, in which we lived, forced 'me to conſent to her propoſals, and ſhe 'ſoon made a conqueſt of Lord R—. 'The ſplendor, in which he kept her, 'ſpeedily put it in my power to appear 'in the character of a gentleman of for-'tune, and commencing a friendſhip

'with

'with Lord R—, Olympia and myſelf 'impoſed upon him without his enter- 'taining the leaſt ſuſpicion of our con- 'nection. 'His affairs obliged him to 'ſet out for Leghorn, and Olympia and 'myſelf attended him thither; at which 'place the adventure happened with Mr. 'Worden.

'Olympia and myſelf began now wiſh- 'ing to ſee France, and we intreated our 'good natured Lord to undertake this 'journey, but a duel he had fought at 'Paris, had baniſhed him from thence. 'This circumſtance gave us an oppor- 'tunity to rob him of all his money and 'jewels, and to fly from his perſecutions 'to Paris.

'I diſguiſed myſelf as a French Abbé, 'and Olympia aſſumed the character of 'a French lady, and the name of Fanny. 'During our travels to France we pre-

tended

'tended to be brother and ſiſter; but 'Lord R— overtaking us, regardleſs of 'our names and diſguiſe, revenged him-'ſelf upon us, and put us in the con-'dition, you, my Lord, met us in. We 'have abuſed your generous kindneſs by 'the moſt venal ingratitude.

'Olympia being brought up in the 'nunnery, was uſed to an hypocritical 'countenance, and beſides, knowing 'what power diſtreſſed virtue had over 'the compaſſionate hearts of mankind, 'concealed, beneath the borrowed maſk 'of virtue, her moſt deteſtable charac-'ter. The account of the misfortunes, 'ſhe related as her own, moved your 'Lordſhip's tender heart, and Olympia 'was penetrating enough to obſerve the 'impreſſion, it made upon it. She there-'fore, amidſt her anxiety for my life, 'premeditated ſchemes to recover our 'decayed fortunes; but the unexpected

'ſight

'ſight of Mr. Worden diſconcerted the 'whole project, and ſhe thought herſelf 'loſt. By her art, or rather by the per-'miſſion of heaven, which did not then 'think us ſufficiently ripe for puniſh-'ment, ſhe ſaved herſelf and me from 'this danger. Detraction became to her 'once more uſeful againſt your Lord-'ſhip's worthy friend, and ſhe endeavour-'ed, through a variety of acts, to con-'firm you in that implanted prejudice of 'her virtue. We therefore forged letters 'from the Duke of Ch— and anſwers to 'them, and put them into ſuch places, 'where you muſt needs find them.

'The ardor with which Olympia per-'ceived herſelf beloved by you, was the 'reaſon, that ſhe extended her views far-'ther towards your Lordſhip. For a 'marriage with you flattered her pride, 'as much as her love to conveniency, and 'perhaps her heart really felt ſome ten-

'derneſs

'derneſs for you. But my paſſion to-
'wards Olympia ſtrongly oppoſed this
'project, which was ſo advantageous to
'me; however I was condemned by my
'own folly to be a ſlave to this wanton
'woman. She appeaſed me by repre-
'ſenting to me the eaſy probability to
'continue our familiarity, and we there-
'fore joined to ſubdue your heart with
'the utmoſt fineſſe, increaſing the ob-
'ſtacles, with which we oppoſed your
'love, and heightening on the other
'hand your paſſion by the freſh charms,
'we made you perceive.

'At laſt it was time for us, to venture
'the laſt attack upon your heart, as the
'pretext of our intended law-ſuit would
'not ſuffice to cheat you much longer
'out of important ſums, and your long
'abſence during the Chevalier's ſickneſs
'made us apprehend, that you might be
'frightened by the too auſtere virtue of

'Fanny;

'Fanny; wherefore we took refuge in 'the following deception.

'Tournon was ſtupid and Fanny hand-'ſome enough, to allure him to a mar-'riage with her; beſides, there would 'always have been left ſome means to 'prevent it, if our ſcheme ſhould miſ-'carry; however, it ſucceeded, and 'Olympia obtained, in ſpite of the many 'obſtacles, all that ſhe wiſhed for, to 'wit, the undeſerved happineſs of be-'coming your lady.

'This union coſt me as many ſighs as 'it occaſioned joy to Olympia; for I 'looked with jealouſy on that union, which 'was to join your Lordſhip and her for 'ever, and this was the only motive of 'all my contentions with Olympia, and 'all the grief, which was ſo many times 'the object of your ridicule.

The

'The careſſes of your unworthy lady 'diſſipated by degrees my ſorrow, though 'you would eaſily have diſcovered our 'criminal converſation, had your heart 'been leſs good-natured and more ſuſpi-'cious of our virtue. Olympia and my-'ſelf armed ourſelves againſt all vexati-'ons, which could diſturb us in the en-'joyment of our impoſitions, for which 'purpoſe we purchaſed from an attorney, 'whoſe conſcience was very cheaply ſold, 'ſundry forged papers, which proved, 'that Olympia was Fanny, and I Conſtan-'tius du Parc, of Lions; that we had 'carried on a law ſuit at Paris, and that 'we had loſt it. By theſe means we 'imagined to fruſtrate all the conſpiracies 'of our enemies, and indeed we ſucceed-'ed better than we deſired. But alas! 'the dreadful ſtroke, which deprived 'you of all, vaniſhed every advantageous 'project, wherewith the ambition and intereſt

'intereſt of Olympia had flattered herſelf.
'Your Lordſhip loſt your rank and your
'eſtates; what could farther induce the
'treacherous Olympia to be your lady?
'let us haſten away from the moſt vil-
'lanous of our crimes! am I able to re-
'late it? We ingrateful, who alone were
'guilty of your misfortunes, betrayed
'your Lordſhip with a baſeneſs we alone
'were capable of; the ſame Fanny, who
'ſeemed to ſwoon away, when you were
'arreſted, was beſides me the only cauſe
'of your impriſonment, and ſcarce was
'you carried away, when we ſtepped in-
'to the Duke of ———'s coach, with
'whom I had procured her the rank of
'a miſtreſs, and myſelf the place of a
'footman, beſides an handſome reward.
'The Duke deſerved with more juſtice
'your fate, and he was the object of our
'deriſion and art; you know the unhappy
'night, in which I ſaved myſelf not with-
'out danger, and the apprehenſion, that

they

'they might betray to the Duke of ——
'the true ſtate of this tragedy did not
'ſuffer me to appear any more in his pa-
'lace, and I enquired but privately into
'the matter, although I learnt no more,
'than that the Duke of —— had found
'his miſtreſs in the arms of his footman
'and had killed her; however, though I
'knew the falſehood of the firſt part of
'this relation, I did not doubt of Fanny's
'death, and her loſs plunged me into a
'kind of madneſs. Her perfidiouſneſs,
'her lechery and all her other deformities
'were not ſtrong enough to break my
'deſpicable fetters; beſides which I
'found myſelf in the moſt deplorable
'condition, without money, left deſti-
'tute by every body, tormented by my
'own conſcience, and deprived of every
'hope of a better life. I left Paris, and
'was forced to ſupport my wretched life
'by alms.

'Heaven's

'Heaven's juſtice now viſited me with 'all its rigor; I was ſenſible of all my 'villanies, and my reaſon was overpow-'ered by deſpair. The deplorable con-'dition, I now perceived myſelf in, 'ſhews me what I have become; but 'what are all theſe puniſhments to my 'crimes; and alas! what are the preſent 'ones to thoſe, I have to fear? Pray for 'my ſoul, gentlemen, as I cannot pray 'for myſelf. But no!—you would pray 'for an unworthy ſinner, you would 'pray without being heard. Cruel pro-'vidence! why haſt thou permitted me, 'to be born? why haſt thou not killed 'me when I committed my firſt crime? 'I hate, I deteſt myſelf, nay I even hate 'thee!'

The rage with which he ſpoke, made us apprehend a freſh fit of madneſs, and it really happened. How terrible was the

the ſight of it? we left him in an awful terror for the Lord's puniſhments, which his juſtice reſerves for criminals. I ſhall conclude this wretch's unhappy hiſtory, adding only, what I have ſince learnt from the Marquis de la Roche's letters, that all my friend's care and aſſiſtance were unable to reſtore him to his ſenſes; that he lived many years a torment to himſelf, and grew grey amidſt continual blaſphemies againſt heaven. He at laſt died and his laſt words were curſing the deity. How dear do we oftentimes purchaſe the diſgrace of being villains!

The wretched ſight of the Abbé extinguiſhed all revenge in my breaſt, and I joined my wiſhes to thoſe of my friends for the recovery of his ſenſes. They had much ado to diſſipate my melancholy concerning the unhappy adventure, which the Abbé had recalled to my memory, though they at laſt ſucceeded, as [illegible] of my

my friends ſuffered me to be alone, and reflect upon them.

The time of our departure from France drew nearer, and Mr. Worden and I were going into the King of Swedeland's military ſervice, reſolving within myſelf, that honour ſhould reſtore to me that glorious tranquility, which love had robbed me of.

One morning Mr. Worden aſked me with that ſmiling countenance, he commonly wore, if he forgot for one moment his misfortune, 'do you think yourſelf 'ſtrong enough to accompany me on a 'journey which is very dangerous for 'you?' and I intreated him to explain me his meaning. 'I am, replied he, for ſeeing Julia, and I ſhould approve of your 'company thither, provided you are no 'longer in love with her; but you hate love, 'added he ironically, and therefore you 'may

'may venture upon this without any 'risque;' here he related to me the manner how he became acquainted with Julia.

Julia lived in a small country town near Calais with an aged relation in an agreeable solitude, who was somewhat acquainted in the house, where the friend of Mr. Worden had formerly resided at Calais, who left him, at his decease, the care of his daughter's education.

This ancient lady bore a very good character, and was secretly an Huguenot; for which reason Mr. Worden committed his pupil to her care, and got, by this opportunity, acquainted with Julia, whose character and history he already knew through Mr. F—'s relation and mine.

As he had now, by the assistance of his friends in England, recovered part of the fortune, of which her father had been deprived

deprived for his unhappy attachment to the Stuart family, and an old aunt of this young girl had desired him to send her back to England, in order to live with her, Mr. Worden intended to carry her back to her native soil, knowing that he could without danger trust her aunt with her; and this was the motive of his journey to Julia.

I accompanied him doubtfully, how my visits would be accepted, and though the curiosity of seeing Julia seemed to me the only motive of my travelling with Mr. Worden, he was nevertheless mischievous enough to conclude from some secret sighs, which escaped me, that it was not the only one.

Julia's relation received us very tenderly, but Julia blushed at my presence, the consequence of which was a melancholy conversation between us, which to

end, Worden uſed all his rhetoric, and at laſt ſucceeded. We ſighed once more, dried up our tears, and forgot in the joys of friendſhip the grief, which love had cauſed us.

Mr. Worden ſet out with his pupil, (who by the care of the old lady and Julia was become a very amiable girl) for her native country, and left me with them to wait his return, ſaying to Julia before his departure, 'You muſt promiſe me to 'ſurrender my friend as indifferent to 'love, as I now leave him;' and ſhe aſſured him, that he ſhould find me ſtill more ſo. However, her promiſe was very ill kept. Julia's charms appeared to me more dangerous, than ever: her misfortune, and the experience of ſome more years, had ſoftened the too fickle vivacity of her temper, without in the leaſt depriving her of her natural gaiety; and my misfortune with Fanny, freſh as

it

it had happened, ſhould not have prevented me from offering to Julia once more my heart and hand, had ſhe inclined to accept of this preſent; but Julia's prudence changed by her conduct all my returning love into friendſhip, though it was very difficult for me to be pleaſed with it. However, the remembrance of the ſufferings, I had ſo lately undergone, aſſiſted Julia to change me from the lover to a moſt ſincere friend. Since our parting ſhe had experienced a freſh misfortune, which concerned me as much as her. They had forced our ſon from the place of his education, and put him into a monaſtery, in order to bring him up in the Romiſh faith; and Julia durſt not venture to ſee him without expoſing herſelf to danger.

The time till Mr. Worden's return glided away amidſt the moſt agreeable employments. We read, we ſpeculated, we railed againſt love, and when we were

tired of it we confeſſed, that if love was the moſt dangerous gift of nature, it was at the ſame time the moſt excellent.

Julia was cruel enough, to upbraid me with my paſſion for Fanny; but the reſignation, with which I bore it, at laſt gained her compaſſion. Mr. Worden now returned, but had not ſo happily ſucceeded in his own affairs, as in thoſe of his pupils.

His father died in an implacable hatred againſt him, leaving to his other ſon all his eſtates, from whoſe inveteracy Worden ſoon found, that he had every thing to dread. It would have been eaſy for my friend, through the aſſiſtance of juſtice, to ſet aſide the ſevere will of his father; but he ſacrificed his intereſt to the veneration he had for his parent, which did not ſuffer him to reproach his aſhes; beſides, his brother had got into an important

tant place by concealing his real profeſſion of faith, and he would thereby have ſurely rendered him unhappy, had he alledged the injuſt motive of his father's diſinheriting him, which to an heart feeling as his own would have been a mortal ſin, as he did not ſtrive to render his enemy unhappy, much leſs his brother.

Thus he returned to us rather twenty thouſand pounds poorer, and contented himſelf with having in the beſt manner regulated the affairs of his pupil, whom he had left under the tuition of one of his beſt friends, through whoſe correſpondence he received the ſtricteſt account of her circumſtances. 'Now, ſaid 'he, embracing me, I am wholly your's. 'All obligations, which chained me to 'my country, are diſſolved, and for the 'future I have no other happineſs or 'miſery to expect but in your company.'

The next day we took leave of Julia, and departed ——. But ſcarce had we rode ſome miles ere an adventure happened to us, from which all my following occurrences took their birth.

We paſſed by a rivulet in our way, which was greatly augmented by an heavy rain. A coach, in which were ſome ladies, endeavoured to croſs it juſt oppoſite to us; but the ſtream being very vehement, it overturned the coach in the middle of the water, and neither perſon nor horſes would have been ſaved, had we not been preſent. Mr. Worden and myſelf happily brought the ladies to ſhore, and but two horſes were loſt. We had much ado before we could recover them from their fright, and when they began to reſpire, their acknowledgments were conſiſtent with their providential eſcape, and their polite manner of life. They were

were both above the age, in which Princeſſes are commonly ſaved by their Knight Errants, though the youngeſt, who appeared to have ſeen at leaſt fifty harveſts, ſeemed by her remaining charms to have been in her youthful days a very great beauty.

The wetneſs of our cloaths, and the diſorder of our bodies, occaſioned by ſaving them, induced us to yield to their intreaties, and to attend them to a caſtle not far diſtant, which they poſſeſſed in community.

Our officious hoſteſſes did not neglect a moment to ſhew us their gratitude. Mean time I perceived, that the youngeſt lady very attentively ſurveyed me as well as a picture, which hung on the ſide of the room behind me. I imperceptibly viewed the portrait, and was ſurprized to find in it the reſemblance of my father. My

obſerver did not overlook this ſurprize, but aſked me, if I was a foreigner? which I anſwered in the affirmative. 'Then, 'proceeded ſhe, you certainly come from '——, and know the perſon, whoſe pic-'ture you ſee here.'

'I know him better than any body,' exclaimed I eagerly, occaſioned by the mournful remembrance of my kind parent's loſs.

'I am not miſtaken, replied ſhe, you 'are Count of P—'s ſon. But dare I 'name you the perſon, who to-day is 'indebted to you for her life? Know, I 'am the Counteſs of M—, who certainly 'has been repreſented to you by your 'father in a very bad light. His image 'is too deeply engraved on my heart not 'to know in your perſon his ſon, as you 'bear ſo great a reſemblance to him. I 'have been the inſtrument of all your

'father's

'father's ſufferings, and I confeſs, that I 'deſerved his hatred as well as your's. 'But alas! he himſelf, was he alive, 'would perhaps pity me, were he ac- 'quainted with the cruel puniſhments, I 'have ſince undergone.

'Age and my misfortunes have at laſt 'made me acknowledge the injuſtice, I 'committed againſt him, and I praiſe 'this day as the moſt happy of my life, 'wherein I find an opportunity to re- 'trieve it in ſome meaſure in his ſon.

'The cruelty, which the avarice of 'your uncle prompted him to commit 'againſt you, is by the general rumour 'known to me. I have papers in my 'hands, which perhaps would diſcover 'his villanies, provided you would pru- 'dently uſe them; and I ſhould have 'ſent them to you a long time ago, had 'I known, where to find you: what a

'pleaſure would it be to me, if I, who 'was the primitive ſource of all your 'miſery, could likewiſe lay the founda-'tion for the recovery of your fortune!'

Here ſhe left Mr. Worden and me in the greateſt aſtoniſhment, and very ſpeedily returned with a parcel of papers, which had been taken from my father, when he and my mother were put into priſon, and which the Counteſs of M— at that juncture had no difficulty to obtain from the King.

Among theſe papers was a marriage contract, ſigned by my father in favour of his lady, and a certificate of the parſon, who had married him, with ſome witneſſes, who were preſent, had atteſted. The remaining papers cleared up ſome ſcruples in our family affairs, and the Counteſs gave me, beſides, a letter in the King's own hand writing, directed to her, wherein

wherein he declared, that he could no longer be ſo cruel, as to deprive the Count, my father, and his lady of their liberty. This letter had been the occaſion of the Counteſs's diſgrace, as ſhe in her anſwer had made uſe of ſome illiberal expreſſions againſt the King, concerning his favour to my father.

Such a preſent from the Counteſs was too important for me, than that the favour, ſhe ſhewed me by it, ſhould not have extinguiſhed all the hatred in my breaſt againſt her, and beſides ſhe offered to corroborate my aſſertions by becoming herſelf a witneſs, if it ſhould any ways be advantageous to me, though it could no ways redound to her honour.

The Counteſs of M— preſſed us to ſpend ſome days with her, and I had, during our ſtay there, ſufficient opportunity to make myſelf acquainted with her cha-

racter. She belonged to the number of thoſe, who apply the few remaining days of their life in repenting their former follies; in ſhort, ſhe was from a coquet become a ſaint. The love to a young French Count had converted her to the Romiſh faith, though their marriage could by no means make her happy, ſince they both poſſeſſed all requiſite qualifications, which may render the life of a married couple miſerable.

The extravagancies of her huſband, joined to her own, cauſed them to live a torment to each other, and to appear ridiculous to other people, till at length they were parted by a divorce.

After many ſevere chaſtiſements, by which heaven puniſhed the Counteſs, ſhe at laſt obtained from her huſband an annual ſmall revenue, and Madame de Sablière (who was her companion, when we

ſaved

ſaved them from being drowned, and who was very much like her in virtue as well as in vices) took her to her country ſeat. Both in the flower of their youth had been poſſeſſed of a number of admirers; both perceived them vaniſh, when their beauties faded, and both comforted themſelves for it, in beginning to perceive the vanities of the world, and to condemn them.

I will not, however, believe that the Counteſs of M—'s reformation was not ſincere, though her frequent ſighs concerning the young ladies, and her other complaints, had almoſt perſuaded me, that ſhe had been converted more through force than inclination, as it is indifferent in ſome caſes to mankind, whether one is ſpontaneouſly virtuous, or by conſtraint. I left the Counteſs of M—— after we cemented a ſtrict friendſhip, which I kept up by epiſtolary correſpondence till her death.

The

The accounts we had received from the Counteſs of M—— were too important, than not to have repreſented ſome favourable views in future to flatter my hope, which was one of my moſt principle foibles. A mere nothing was able to exalt my hopes above deſcription, as on the contrary but a ſingle ſtroke of adverſity could almoſt ſink me in the ground. However it was not only a weakneſs in me, but it is alſo a general one in mankind. I have frequently in my maturer years reflected on the motives, why we ſo eaſily hope, and, on the contrary, ſo eaſily deſpair? and I perceived, that the motives of ſuch levity are grounded on an erroneous repreſentation, which we commonly form to ourſelves of our future happineſs or miſery. Could we diſtinguiſh them clearer, we ſhould become more indifferent in our hopes, and cooler in our fears. In the interim, I yielded to my incli-

inclination, and every thought which occurred, was a thought of my future grandeur. My friends eaſily obſerved the freſh exceſs, which I was plunged into, and endeavoured to aſſiſt me in getting rid of it.

Mr. F— in a philoſophical manner proved to me the falſe idea of honour, and Mr. Worden very ſarcaſtically repreſented to me the ridicule of it; but I was deſtined not to make any advantage of their ſound principles, till I had learned the excellency of them at my own expence.

My affairs were by no means as yet ſo advantageous as I flattered myſelf, for though one could promiſe one's ſelf every thing from the King's great love to juſtice (this being one of his principal virtues) and though it was no ways doubtful, but that he would puniſh the cruel avariciouſneſs of my uncle, as ſoon as he was thoroughly

thoroughly acquainted with his vices; it was nevertheleſs extremely difficult to deceive the Count of P—'s watchfulneſs, and to lay before the King the proofs of his miniſter's injuſtice; and perhaps every method would have been fruſtrated, had not Worden ſacrificed his own eaſe to my intereſt.

The Engliſh Ambaſſador at the Court of —— was acquainted with him, and he was even a relation. The King was very gracious to this Britiſh Nobleman, and frequently honoured him with familiarity. It was therefore eaſy to convince the King of the cruelty, with which they treated me, if the Ambaſſador could be perſuaded to take my part againſt the miniſter; my friend ſet out in the ſevereſt ſeaſon of the year for my native country, in order to try what he could execute in my behalf, and I alſo left Mr. F—, who could

could not behold, without tears, both his worthy and unworthy friend depart.

My friend had recommended me to a merchant at Amſterdam, where I was to wait the iſſue of his letters; but I ſoon changed Amſterdam for the Hague, where I was much better pleaſed with the manner of life, and where I got fine apartments at one Mrs. Wells's, the widow of an Engliſh officer, through the recommendation of this merchant.

Here I lived quite retired in the character of a French officer, who had left that ſervice, and my landlady was almoſt the only perſon I ſaw, as ſhe poſſeſſed charms, which could ſoon make me forget other companies. She accompanied, as ſhe told me, her huſband to the Netherlands, and had there loſt him in a battle. It was very difficult to gain acceſs to her, as the ſolitude, in which ſhe lived, ren-

rendered it almoſt improbable; but as I almoſt lived in the ſame manner, this in proceſs of time gained me her acquaintance.

I found her generally depreſſed by a ſort of melancholy, which however in my preſent ſituation of mind rendered the converſation with Mrs. Wells more agreeable. She played very pretty on the lute, and ſhe commonly accompanied it by her angelic voice, which ſweet and ſoft muſic quite raviſhed me. I enjoyed whole hours the pleaſure of hearing it, and nobody interrupted us much, but an old merchant, who had the ſmall capital of Mrs. Wells's in trade, and who was ſo kind as to allow her the whole gain of it.

I aſcribed the diſpleaſure of being diſturbed in liſtening to Mrs. Wells, to the hatred, I felt againſt the old man; but

but I muſt be more ſincere to my readers.

I ſoon diſcovered the merchant was not alone in love with his money. He had been ſince his fortieth year a widower and was now fifty years old; he knew Mrs. Wells's circumſtances as well as ſhe knew his opulence, and this made him hope, Mrs. Wells's eyes would overlook his wrinkled face and ſome other trifles, which are commonly offenſive to nice ladies. His deſign upon my fair landlady was therefore the only true motive of my hating him, and though a long time I endeavoured to perſuade myſelf, that the ſingularity of an old merchant daring to love a young amiable widow juſtified my diſlike againſt him, I nevertheleſs diſcovered very ſoon, that this diſpleaſure aroſe from quite another motive. I loved in ſpite of the terror, with which I perceived it, and I loved nobody,

body, but the beautiful Mrs. Wells; it being in vain that I recollected all the torments love had made me ſenſible of, and that I repreſented to myſelf the moſt advantageous promiſes, with which honour flattered me, as I was condemned to be love's ſlave in ſpite of the many oaths, by which I had ſworn an eternal contempt againſt it. I learnt how to acknowledge the deficiency of man's ambition, when he fancies, he has conquered his paſſions at a time they have only ſlumbered for a few moments, in order to make room for others. I ſuppreſſed the melancholy reflections by running to Mrs. Wells; her looks, her words, the charms of her voice, every touch on the lute encreaſed the power of the poiſon, with which my heart was already infected, and I became in a ſhort time as melancholy as Mrs. Wells. Her ſongs recalled to me an unhappy love, or the ſeparation from the beloved object, and they were pro-

properly adapted to make me ſigh. Mrs. Wells was too penetrating, not to underſtand them, and ſhe took care not to cauſe them, though ſhe gained nothing by it; for my words now informed her of, what ſhe would not underſtand by my ſighs. However ſhe very conciſely replied, that neither her heart nor her condition permitted her to liſten to theſe complaints of which love was the only object.

My readers will now be apt to think, that Mrs. Wells ſhunned me after this converſation with the utmoſt rigor; but as ſhe, contrary to the reſt of her ſex, was leſs ſevere in the external and often ill ſuited duties of decency, than in the internal ones, ſhe behaved with as much eſteem towards me, as before, ſave that ſhe more cautiouſly avoided, what concerned love. My jealouſy invented an hundred inſtances, by which, according

to

to the reſult of my imagination, ſhe endeavoured to make herſelf more agreeable to the merchant, than to me. In the mean time my rival favoured me as little, as I did him; he never viſited her without either expatiating with a ſmiling modeſty upon the *cent per cent*, he gained, (though he carefully concealed the method by which he acquired them) or alledging with a ſignificant ſneer, in which he viewed me ſideways, this or that inſtance of imprudent ladies having been impoſed upon by young Knight Errants.

I received a letter from my friend Mr. Worden informing me, that it had been the eaſier for him to induce the Ambaſſador to enter into his deſigns, as this gentleman had already for a long time endeavoured to ruin the miniſter, who was an enemy to all his propoſals, though ſome important circumſtances had prevented him hitherto to carry his project into execution

cution; one of which was, that Worden hoped to entice Lord O— to make an advantageous confeſſion; wherefore he had commenced an acquaintance with my former guardian, whom a conſumption had reduced to the loweſt ebb, and whoſe vexation and grief encreaſed with every ſtep, death approached him. Mr. Worden therefore adviſed me, to wait patiently ſome time longer for my delayed happineſs, and in order to make me live the more eaſy and convenient, he had incloſed a very important draught.

I ſpent the time, I courted honour, in love. The late unhappy trial of my paſſion did not frighten me from venturing a new one; for I read ſomething in the fair widow's eyes, which, if it was not love, it preluded at leaſt no hatred againſt me. In the mean time I did not know myſelf, why I loved? for in my preſent circumſtances, it was neither conſiſtent with pru-

prudence, nor with my own inclination, to make her my lady; and yet without it, I could neither expect any favour from Mrs. Wells's virtue, nor eſcape the reproaches of my own. I was very ingenious to conceal my love towards this handſome widow, under the glory of ſuch a conqueſt, and fancied, I required nothing more, than to be beloved; but I am very well convinced to what extremes my paſſion would have hurried me, had I found nothing to combat but my own virtue.

The fruitleſs ſighs and complaints, I laviſhed on Mrs. Wells, were in ſome meaſure rewarded through the pleaſure I received from the inauſpicious attack, which the old merchant ventured againſt that invincible widow. For he declared in one of his ſolemn viſits, that it merely depended upon her, to ſee herſelf exalted to the honour of being called Madame Meer-

Meerdyck (which was his name) and to be very abundantly paid for the diſpleaſure of embracing a diſagreeable huſband by poſſeſſing the annual revenue of ten thouſand rix-dollars.

Mrs. Wells was jeering and witty, whenever ſhe diſengaged herſelf a moment from her uſual melancholy, and the propoſals of her lover were, joined to his own perſon, ſufficiently capable of baniſhing for ſome time this melancholy. She aſſured honeſt Mr. Meerdyck, that ſhe always would behave to him with the dutiful reſpect of a daughter towards her parent, even though it ſhould be impoſſible for her, to allow him her affection, as a wife towards her huſband.

Mr. Meerdyck knew by his long experience in trade, that many a ſhip had ſafely arrived into harbour, though it had been forced to undergo many hard

ſtorms in the ſea; and as his age had rendered him more prudent, than a flighty youth, againſt whom raillery has the moſt effect, he did not ceaſe hoping to become happy in poſſeſſing her.

The reſolution, with which Mrs. Wells reſiſted the attacks of a fortune of two hundred thouſand rix-dollars, made me hope ſhe could be conquered by nothing but tenderneſs and love; and the obſtacles my paſſion had to ſurmount ſerved but to increaſe my courage, as I was no novice in love.

Mrs. Wells began by degrees to be capricious, ſhunned me, and ſeemed diſguſtfully to liſten to my complaints, though nevertheleſs ſhe hearkened to them, which made me certain ſhe loved me. However, I perceived at the ſame time, that I could not obtain her heart at a cheaper ſacrifice, than marriage, and her

her love was worthy to be obtained at no leſs a price.

Reaſon oppoſed this reſolution; but I only obeyed my paſſion, to which I had ſo often liſtened, and which had not in the leaſt made me wiſer, in ſpite of all the misfortunes it had plunged me into. Reaſon vainly reminded me of my unhappy marriage with Fanny, and repreſented to me the uncertainty of my preſent circumſtances, in which I had leſs motives than ever, to think on marriage.

The charms and merit of the widow overpowered the ſtrongeſt arguments. How, ſaid I to myſelf, can I be ſo unhappy with Mrs. Wells, as with Fanny, ſince this lovely widow is the moſt virtuous lady upon earth! As for the other point, honour, I found its greateſt happineſs would prove imperfect to me without the enjoyment of love.

In ſhort, I flew in the heat of my paſſion to the feet of my amiable widow, and conjured her, by all the tender prayers of a lover, to grant me her heart and hand. At this declaration ſhe ſat for ſome moments buried in deep ſilence, and I perceived, that a violent combat had ſeized her ſoul; nay ſhe even ſhed tears, and at laſt ſaid, accoſting me, 'Alas! why do you perſecute me? why do you intend to render me unhappy, at a time you aſſure me that you love me, and know perhaps too well, that you are not hated? No! proceeded ſhe, now it is time to obſerve inviolably my duty, and to ſhed undiſturbedly the tears, which are due to my late huſband's memory, and my misfortune.'

At this juncture ſhe left me in ſome ſurprize, though her anſwer flattered my hope, that I ſhould at laſt induce her to obli-

obliterate the remembrance of the late Mr. Wells, and triumph over his too lovely widow.

This very day was appointed for rendering me happy. For I received a letter from an old friend of my father's, who had been very much concerned at my misfortune, though as a courtier he could only ſerve me by ſecret compaſſion. He now endeavoured by giving me the firſt intelligence of my happy change, to make ſome amends for his neglecting to ſerve me in my diſtreſs. The following are the contents of his letter:

'DEAR COUNT,

'AT the expence of your friend, who 'has ſlightly ſprained his wriſt by 'a fall from off his horſe, I enjoy the 'pleaſure of being the firſt, who informs

'you, that you are happy. The King's 'equity puts you again in your rank, 'your eſtates, and at the ſame time into 'thoſe of your uncle's. This unworthy 'relation of your's is now ſenſible, that 'vice ſoon or late meets with its juſt 'puniſhment. You will in a few days 'receive the order of your Sovereign to 'return to your native country. Haſten 'therefore, dear Count, for your coun-'trymen impatiently expect you, in or-'der to atone by their ardor, the faults 'which they have been guilty of againſt 'you. I am,

'Your's ——.'

Senſeleſs and unable to ſpeak, I ſat for ſome minutes in my chair, and ſcarce was I recovered, when my extacy drew me into a number of ridiculous extravagancies. But what was the motive of all theſe trances? but a ſmall glare of external honour, from the precipice of which

which I had already fallen down into the duſt, and from which I was liable to fall again every moment.

This freſh happineſs was too advantageous for my love to conceal it from Mrs. Wells. I aſked her, if the Count of P— ſhould be as unhappy in his love towards her, as I hitherto had been? The letter, which I gave her at the ſame time, explained part of the obſcurity of my queſtion, and the relation of the principal pieces of my hiſtory diſcovered to her, that her lover was no other, than the Count of P— himſelf.

I perceived with pleaſure that this freſh diſcovery was not indifferent to her, and that her love towards me was nouriſhed by the flattering repreſentation of her becoming a Counteſs of P—. Decency, however required, that ſhe ſhould for ſome time appear as immoveable to the

prayers of the Count of P—, as ſhe had been to the ſighs of a French officer; but love and honour at laſt triumphed over her diſſimulation, and ſhe gave me (not without ſighing) the permiſſion, to call her my beloved. In what raptures of tenderneſs did I preſs her for the firſt time to my breaſt!

She ſhed ſome tears, when firſt ſhe embraced me, which endeavouring to dry up with kiſſes, I mixed mine with her's, as I was enchanted by my love. How many ſweet moments did I now enjoy after the long ſufferings I had undergone! how amply did fortune reward all the cruelties, which it had made me experience! Should not its profuſion render its favours ſuſpicious? Be that as it will, my preſent happineſs engroſſed all my thoughts, and I forgot, that I had been unhappy, nay I forgot it twice in this lovely widow's embraces. I perceived, I felt

felt nothing but love, and honour, which flattered my whole life with abundance of pleaſures; one moment overlooking my enemies, whom I ſaw humiliated at my feet, ſurmiſing the homages, which my inferiors would pay me, and rejoicing at the envy, with which my equals would perceive my grandeur; the next moment anticipating the pleaſures, which expected me in the arms of my future lady, and ſharing with her the lawrels, I ſhould reap from honour.

Mrs. Wells enjoyed the fortune, which waited her with more moderation, than I, and mentioned it leſs, than the happineſs, which ſhe promiſed herſelf from my love. How tender, how ſenſible was ſhe towards me, when once ſhe had baniſhed the conſtraint beneath which her heart languiſhed; however, ſhe bluſhed at every innocent kiſs I received from her, and amidſt the tenderneſs with which ſhe rewarded

mine, ſhe was ſeized by a melancholy, which was a proof, that ſhe thought herſelf culpable, and which (as it very often happened) was the only uneaſineſs, that for the preſent interrupted my joy.

The leaſt tear from Mrs. Wells was too dear to me, than not to inquire into the origin of it, and ſhe loved me too much to conceal it. 'I reproach myſelf, ſaid ſhe to me, for my ſorrow, and I do not indeed deſerve your love, ſince I do not reward it with all the uninterrupted tenderneſs, which you ſacrifice to me. However, forgive me, that I conſecrate ſome minutes to the memory of my late huſband, which are his due, and whoſe loſs nobody elſe, but yourſelf could obliterate.'

My flatteries by degrees dried up Mrs. Wells's tears. I poſſeſſed her whole tenderneſs, and I lived but for her ſake, as ſhe

ſhe, on the other hand, only endeavoured to render herſelf amiable to me.

The ſtormy weather had for a long time detained the ſhip, by which I received further accounts of the happy change of my fate, and the royal letter, which recalled me to my country; but at laſt it arrived and I ſaw by the letters from my friend, Mr. Worden, that I was obliged for my former rank and for a greater fortune, than I had been formerly poſſeſſed of, to his friendly endeavours. He knew to entice Lord O—, who every day how grew weaker, to confeſs the treachery, they had committed againſt me, and his Lordſhip, in the anguiſh he felt for committing this crime, ſigned his confeſſion of it, upon condition, they would procure him the King's pardon; but he died before he could enjoy it.

After this juncture the ambaſſador acquainted the King in a private audience of his miniſter's villanies, which he had committed as well againſt me, as againſt others, and this was done without the Counts miſtruſting in the leaſt the precipice, on which he ſtood. The proofs againſt him were above all exception and the King, aſtoniſhed at the villainous means with which his favourite had impoſed upon him, whom (as the King was none of thoſe Princes, who ſacrifice the juſtice as well as the welfare of their country to their miniſters) nothing could ſhield againſt his Sovereign's anger. The Count defended himſelf very frivolouſly, was convicted and loſt liberty as well as his eſtates, ſave one for the ſupport of his lady and children. One half of the remaining was confiſcated to the Crown and the other was adjudged to me, beſides my former eſtates.

I ſhewed

I ſhewed Mrs. Wells the King's warrant, by virtue of which I was re-inſtated in my former honours and fortune, and ſhe ſhared with me the joy of this happy news; After which we determined, that I ſhould ſet out in a few days on the return to my country, and that ſhe was to follow me thither as ſoon, as I had ſettled my affairs.

The eagerneſs, with which I abandoned myſelf to every exceſs of joy, did not allow me a moment's time to reflect rationally on the actions, I was going to execute, though ſuch reflection in this caſe was of double neceſſity. What folly! I choſe a wife, before I knew, whether I was free from the chains of the former; for though I believed, I had killed her, I had nevertheleſs no other proof, but that I believed it; and ſuppoſe, I had nothing to fear concerning her, was this a time to marry, ſince

ſince I had to reinſtate myſelf in the King's favour, and could perhaps ſtill more advantageouſly eſtabliſh my happineſs by another marriage? but folly was chiefly the counſellor of my undertakings. In misfortune misery rendered me ſometimes wiſe, but in proſperity I always laid through my folly a freſh foundation for misery; thus I was, as is general to mankind, obliged for my bad days to my own faults, but for my good ones never to my own prudence, but to mere chance or to ſpeak more rationally, to an undeſerved act of providence.

Before my departure I had the pleaſure of being a witneſs to the deſpairing behaviour of the poor amorous merchant. For as he was obliged to go to the Eaſt-Indies, he did not think proper to put off ſuch an important affair as the marriage with the fair Wells till his return; but all his eloquence was fruitleſs, to give

Mrs.

Mrs. Wells a true notion of his merit. She obſtinately remained in her opinion, not to chuſe an huſband, who ſailed on the dangerous ocean and left her at home a perpetual prey to the care of his life; though ſhe declared, ſhe would ſpeak more in his favour, if he would quit his intentions of going to the Indies.

Poor Mr. Meerdyck! he would rather have refuſed ten briſk young widows, than conſent to this condition; theſe voyages were the ſource of his riches, and he chalked down on the table before Mrs. Wells the loſs, he ſhould undergo by ſtaying at home, and which would prevent him keeping an equipage for her, without which Mrs. Wells had no mind to become Mrs. Meerdyck. Mrs. Wells made him ſtay with her to dine, and the chearfulneſs with which ſhe entertained him, or the wine of which he was a great connoiſſeur and lover, induced him to believe,

lieve, that he perhaps ſhould nevertheleſs triumph that evening over her obſtinacy. He committed a thouſand follies, to convince Mrs. Wells of the force of his paſſion; but my preſence coſt him many frowns, and I pitying him at laſt, ſtrove to extricate him at once from his uncertainty, and drank to him the health of the intended Counteſs of P—, ſhewing him at the ſame time Mrs. Wells as the perſon, whom he had to congratulate on this ſubject. Mrs. Wells was alſo ſo abundantly kind as to tell him, that I was the Count of P—, and her future huſband.

He was quite confounded, and his confuſion was an agreeable ſpectacle to us; after many a myſterious look and nod with the head, he took leave as ſuddenly as poſſible, wiſhing Mrs. Wells, that ſhe might not repent her marriage, and never experience the difference between a rich merchant and a poor Count. The confu-

ſion

ſion and terror, we had thrown him into, gained him pardon for theſe and other incivilities, he honoured us with before his departure.

The next morning I ſat quite buried in the flattering thoughts of love and honour in my room, when my ſervant brought me a letter directed to Mrs. Wells, who was juſt gone out. He had got it from a fellow, who had enquired for Mrs. Wells's houſe and had heard, that he belonged to it. All, that had the leaſt connection with the name of my lovely widow, was capable of raiſing my curioſity, and therefore obſerving the direction, I found it to be the hand writing of the amorous merchant, whom I had ſeen at Mrs. Wells's, and inſpecting the ſeal, I perceived the letter had been ſo careleſsly ſealed, that the impreſſion was gone off; which accident induced me to open the letter, though I greatly reproached my curioſity for

for it. I read it, and how fortunate was it for me, I had read it before Mrs. Wells had ſeen it! how many tears would ſhe have ſhed concerning it! all the joy which ſhe and I expected from our love, would have ſuddenly vaniſhed.

The malicious merchant wrote to her, that the account of her huſband's death was a mere invention of his paſſion, that he undoubtedly was alive, and that his life would make her happineſs of being a Counteſs very imperfect.

I conſidered this letter as the moſt ſervile means of revenging himſelf, for he knew the tender remembrance Mrs. Wells always retained for her late huſband's aſhes, and he could not but be certain, that he aſſuredly would by it annul our marriage, had it fell into the hands of this tender widow. She had undoubtedly received from him the account

count of her huſband's being killed in battle, and what therefore could be eaſier for him, than to revoke the account, and expoſe her and me to a thouſand torments!

I went immediately to Mr. Meerdyck's houſe, in order to rebuke him for his villany; but he was already on board the ſhip, and I did not think it worth while, to follow ſo mean-ſpirited a fellow, contenting myſelf with ſuppreſſing the malicious letter, which would only have ſerved to diſturb Mrs. Wells's eaſe, ſeverely forbidding my ſervant to render himſelf in the leaſt ſuſpicious of having received ſuch a letter.

The appointed day for my return to my native country at laſt appeared. I had, with the aſſiſtance of the money my friend had ſent me, provided an handſome retinue according to the rank I re-aſſumed. Thoſe,

Thoſe, who had hitherto ſeen me in indifferent circumſtances, were ſurprized at my ſudden alteration, and according as they were more or leſs diſpoſed in my favour, they judged of my true character.

To one I appeared a private Ambaſſador, to a ſecond a travelling Prince, to a third a ſpy, and to a fourth an impoſtor, who had made his fortune by ſome means or other; though it was very indifferent to them all, what I really was. However the curioſity of mankind thinks it a law to appear to have a knowledge of that, which they do not want to know, and not to know that, they ought to know. Even my ſervants, excepting him I brought with me from France, knew me but as a French officer, though my new grandeur ſurpaſſed my affected character.

My farewel to Mrs. Wells was very moving, and I rejoiced every minute I tarried

tarried longer. We were both very melancholy, and amidſt our gloomineſs, we anticipated the joys, which expected us, when we ſhould meet again. Ten times I tore myſelf from her arms, and haſtened as often back to her, juſt as if I had forgot ſomething of importance, though it was only to kiſs her, or to tell her once more, how much I loved her.

At laſt I went on board the ſhip, and a favourable wind took me in a few moments away from my beloved widow's eyes. We had agreed, that ſhe ſhould follow me ſome weeks after, when ſhe had heard from me, that I had partly regulated my affairs, and that then we would privately ſolemnize our marriage; after which I would introduce her to court as my lady.

I ſaw the coaſts of my country without having undergone the leaſt dangers, which

are ſo common in croſſing the ſea, and fortune ſeemed to obey me even on trifling occaſions; ſo that I was fool enough to imagine, that it would always prove ſubſervient to my pleaſure.

I landed at ——, where I found my friend Mr. Worden, haſtening to embrace me. He had vainly ſpent ſome days expecting me, and we rejoiced after ſo long a parting at ſo happy a meeting. 'At 'laſt, dear Count, ſaid he, I ſee you 'happy, and I am ſo with you; do you 'ſtill believe, that providence does not 'reward merit?'

Scarce was my arrival known at ——, when I was ſurrounded by a great number of nobility, part of whom lived in that place, and part was purpoſely come hither, to meet me. What charms, what triumph for my ambition! They bowed to me as low as poſſible; they overloaded me

me with inſipid praiſes; they extolled the equity of heaven and the King's, who had revenged me on my enemies; and they eagerly preſſed to recommend themſelves to my favour, (the favour of a man, whom but a ſhort time before they would not have thought worthy to be ranked amongſt their meaneſt clients.)

Friends and enemies alternately flattered me; ſuch, who called themſelves my friends in my affluence, and were aſhamed of being remembered, there ever had ſubſiſted a familiarity between us in my adverſity, took me intimately by the hand, and made me recollect every hour, which I had ſat with them over a bottle. Very ſincere friends indeed! They modeſtly informed me of their many endeavours, to defend me againſt my adverſaries during my misfortunes, and ſhewed me, that my enemies had obliged them to pay very dear for the honour

honour of being my advocates, having been hated and perſecuted by them, without being charged with any other crime, than friendſhip towards me. Such, whom I knew, had never favoured me, who had publicly ridiculed my misfortunes, and who perhaps at the juncture they courteouſly embraced me, glowed with envy to ſee me happy, and employed their thoughts of ruining me again, were not inferior in ſervile flatteries to my falſe friends, begging my pardon with an humble ſmile, that they had but ſo lately become acquainted with my merit, complaining that my cruel enemies, through ſtratagem had ſeduced them, ſwearing to revenge themſelves barbarouſly upon them, and aſſuring me, that for the future I never ſhould find more ſincere friends, than themſelves.

The meaner they had formerly treated me, the more ſervile and humiliating were

were now their flatteries. I hearkened to all the flatteries, they told me with an unwearied patience, and with that contented and noble aſpect, a ſatisfied ambition can wear; nay I even went farther, and anſwered their follies by a number of others; I ſmiled to one, whiſpered to another, preſſed a third's hand, and aſſured a fourth of my friendſhip, though I was convinced, they were unworthy of it, and never intended to laviſh it on ſuch hypocrites.

Thus I became as great a fool as they; but how was I able not to be ſo, or at leaſt not to become it in my late recovered rank? Scarce were the doors of my apartments opened, and my new friends diſappeared, when I found in my antichamber a freſh hoſt of ſycophants, as numerous as a ſwarm of locuſts.

Poems and dedications ſhowered upon me. One poet extolled in his mad ode my love to the Muſes, and my extenſive learning, though he did not know, whether I could read Latin; the other inveighed with poetical harſhneſs, which he called ſatyr, againſt my enemies, though I afterwards was informed, that he ſome time before had deſcribed me on my uncle's birth day in a diſadvantageous light; the third went ſtill farther, and wrote an heroic poem, comparing me to Ulyſſes, who after many dangers returned to his dear Ithaca. I made each of theſe ſublime poets a preſent, and they reſpectfully bowed, called me their divine Mæcenas, and vaniſhed.

My blindneſs was not ſo great, that I ſhould not have penetrated into the vanity of that frankincenſe, which diſſimulation incenſed, and I knew that all theſe exalted

exalted friends would avoid my preſence at the firſt diſgracious look from my ſovereign; nay I was very ſure, that beneath my enemies maſk of courteſy and eſteem, hatred and revenge lay concealed in its utmoſt deformity, and that their friendly ſmiles and praiſes, which they beſtowed upon me in my preſence, changed into curſes and ſighs, as ſoon as they withdrew from me.

As for the cringing poets, who invoked all the Muſes to extol me as a prodigy of the world, I was ſenſible, they would deſcribe me as the greateſt diſgrace to mankind, as ſoon as they could expect a tolerable reward from my enemies for ſo doing, and nothing to fear from my revenge. Nevertheleſs theſe falſe and inſincere ſacrifices pleaſed that pride, to which they offered them; I enjoyed the praiſes of my falſe friends without mortifying myſelf, that they were ſo, and re-

joiced at the reſpect of my enemies for that very reaſon, that I received it from my enemies; every private curſe, their envy uttered againſt my happineſs, was a freſh joy to me. In ſhort, from the moſt friendly aſſurances of the miniſter, whoſe rank was equal to mine, down to the meaneſt poet, who wrote perhaps a miſerable ſonnet upon me, I felt equally ſtrong the pleaſure of being praiſed; and why did I? becauſe the vanity of mankind is not accuſtomed to deſpiſe the praiſes of the fool, and think them ſcandalous.

I threw myſelf at the Sovereign's feet, with all the grateful ſenſations due to his juſtice, and he honoured me with the moſt gracious tokens of his royal favour, complaining of a Sovereign's equity being ſo often expoſed to the art and impoſition of their miniſters.

We

'We receive, said he to me, the reins of 'empire to reward virtue and punish vice, 'instead of which we often reward vice 'and punish virtue, at the very time our 'heart secretly praises its justice, and a 'mere frailty of our reason not to 'penetrate into the acts of dissimulation 'and deception is often the source of 'our errors.'

I obtained an office from the King, which obliged me to be frequently with my Monarch, which procured me sufficient opportunity to merit still more his favour. What else could I expect? I possessed the favour of my royal Lord; riches and honour loaded me alternately with that affluence, which folly has elated to the character of human grandeur and the object of veneration; and even the pleasures of love, which make us capable of

forgetting every thing elſe, waited for me in the arms of the lovely Wells. Was I happy? I was only ſo for a moment. Amidſt the pomp of honour, the ſmiles of fortune, and the joys of love, of which I dreamt, ſighs were already predeſtined to teach me, that neither honour, wealth, nor love itſelf, can protect us from miſery.

Mr. Worden, this worthy friend, ſhared with me the pleaſures, I felt at the ſatisfaction, which fortune had given me, to recompenſe its former ſeverity, and he knew as little, how ſhort it would laſt, though he was better acquainted with its vanity, than myſelf.

'You are happy, ſaid he, ſeriouſly ac-
'coſting me, but do not forget in the en-
'joyment of this happineſs thoſe duties,
'which are due to your real glory. Could
'your noble mind bear the reproaches,

'that

'that Count P— was leſs generous than
'happy? forgive your uncle, this is the
'greateſt glory you can obtain, procure
'him his liberty, and recover his eſtates.
'But I ſhould offend your generoſity,
'did I alledge another reaſon, which
'obliges you ſo to do; elſe I would add,
'that you ought to ſet him at liberty for
'the ſake of his daughter, towards whom
'you have perhaps more obligations,
'than you really believe. The ſums,
'which you have received in France
'from the bounty of an unknown per-
'ſon, came from no other perſon than
'the Counteſs Carolina; I was firſt here
'acquainted with it. Haſten therefore,
'and dry up the tears of a perſon to
'whom you have not formerly been in-
'different, and perhaps are not even ſo
'at preſent; the King's favour will ren-
'der every thing eaſy for you.'

My ambitious ſoul was aſhamed, that it was obliged to be dictated by its beſt friend, to do its chief duty. The obligation I was under to my fair couſin, the tenderneſs, with which I had adored her charms (which in ſpite of all my pretexts I ſtill continued to adore) reproached me for my careleſſneſs in providing for that, which concerned her happineſs.

'I aſked the King's permiſſion to return the Count of P— his eſtates, which were adjudged my property by his Majeſty's ſentence, and I obtained it, provided I would make a preſent of them to his daughter; 'She deſerves them, ſaid the 'Monarch; I know her to be as generous 'as her father is villanous.' The freedom of my uncle and his ſon, who were confined in the caſtle —— was firſt granted me after many fruitleſs ſollicitations, as the King excuſed himſelf from complying

ing

ing with my prayers, ſaying; that it was ſometimes more dangerous and hurtful to forgive a villain's crimes, than not to puniſh them at all. At laſt I obtained his conſent, and I did not loſe a minute to carry this news to my couſin, accompanied by my friend. She lived ſince her father's misfortunes and her mother's death, which had been a conſequence of the former, with lady A— ſome miles diſtant from the metropolis.

How was my uneaſy heart agitated, when I ſet out to ſee Carolina! her picture had never been totally eradicated from my breaſt. I ſaw her charms; I ſighed; I recalled to my memory Mrs. Wells; I counted over all the virtues and beauties of the latter, and compared them with Carolina's, in order to diſcover ſome faults in my lovely couſin; but alas! they were both amiable! the fire and vivacity of Mrs Wells, when ſhe was not

melancholy, the languiſhing of Carolina, the black eye of the former, the blue one of the latter; in ſhort all the various charms of two ſuch beauties repreſented themſelves to me one after another, and each pleaſed me.

I reluctantly recalled my heart to its duty, ſaying; 'No! Mrs. Wells has 'alone a claim to my heart, and to Caro-'lina I can grant but my friendſhip and 'eſteem.' Melancholy preſent! replied my heart —— and juſt then we arrived at Lady A—'s country ſeat.

My fair couſin was as much amazed at my arrival, as I was aſtoniſhed at her dazzling beauty, which had been much improved during my abſence. Amidſt the gloominеſs, which clouded her face, I percieved a look of tenderneſs and joy in her countenance on ſeeing me again, which betrayed

to

to me, I was not become indifferent to her; and what enchanting power had this look over my heart! It baniſhed at once the image of Mrs. Wells from my breaſt. Her ſprightlineſs and her frequent melancholy, which had ſo often alternately enraptured me, now appeared to me an odd mixture of contradictions. Her eye glanced with an affected fire; for the firſt time I diſcovered freckles in her face; even the tone of her voice was diſagreeable: in ſhort ſhe was ugly and Carolina alone amiable. I ardently longed to tell her ſo, and in the confuſion of my love I forgot the true motive of my viſit.

My friend Mr. Worden was too kind to rob me of the pleaſure of informing my couſin of the advantageous tidings, I had to tell her, and he conducted Lady A— under a plauſible pretence of taking a tour or two into the garden, which adjoined to

the room, in order to give me an opportunity of recovering from the confuſion, he ſaw me in. I made uſe of the precious moments, I was alone with Carolina; my heart told her all, I felt, but not without a ſecret trembling; for amidſt its confeſſion of tenderneſs it recollected, that it had made the ſame declaration to Mrs. Wells almoſt at the ſame hour and a very ſhort time before. Cruel remembrance! it tormented me, but I caſt my eye upon Carolina, and forgot, I was culpable. I deſcribed to her all the former joys of our mutual tenderneſs; how fain would I have aſſured her, that I never had felt the leaſt tenderneſs for any lady, but herſelf! but I was not mean enough to ſay it without bluſhing, and I contented myſelf with conjuring her, not to rob me of an heart, which formerly had been mine.

Caro-

Carolina liſtened to me bluſhing and with down caſt eyes; 'Thoſe times, re-'plied ſhe, when I could flatter myſelf 'to poſſeſs a ſhare in your heart, and 'when I was weak enough, not to de-'fend mine, as I ought to do —— thoſe 'times are no more; for now, ſince you 'ought to hate me as your enemy's 'daughter; ſince I muſt every moment 'bluſh at the crimes, with which my 'family has loaded you, and ſince my 'father's and my brother's misfortunes 'demand my tears, it is neither permit-'ted you to tell me of your love, nor 'me to liſten to it; and I reproach my 'heart for ſecretly wiſhing, you might 'ſtill have reſerved ſome tenderneſs to-'wards me, though I ſhould merely ap-'ply it but conſiſtent with my duties. 'Yes, my Lord, proceeded ſhe, I ſhould 'then conjure you by this tenderneſs, to 'forgive my father and my brother their 'errors,

'errors, and procure them their liberty; 'you poſſeſs the King's favour and I 'know it would be eaſy for you.' 'Forgive me, deareſt couſin, ſaid I interrupting her, and impute to the exceſs of 'my paſſion theſe precious tears you ſhed, 'and which I could have prevented.' I gave her the King's warrant, concerning the liberty of her relations, and his permiſſion, to make her a preſent of the eſtates, adjudged to me. How beautiful did ſhe appear in the confuſion this unexpected preſent occaſioned her! I read in her eyes her gratitude, and it was the more precious to me, as it ſeemed to be attended by ſome tenderneſs. She returned the permiſſion of granting to her a preſent of the eſtates, which formerly belonged to her father; but I entreated the acceptance of it, and ſhe conſented. What careſſes did ſhe heap upon me, which ſhe artfully concealed under the appearance of gratitude, but which did not

not eſcape my obſerving the ſimilitude, they bore to love! Carolina loved me as much as formerly, and this diſcovery was as agreeable to me, as it was dangerous.

She did not tarry a moment to inform her father of the joyful tidings, ſhe knew, and I attended her. With what charms did this lovely daughter acquaint him, that he was obliged to me for his liberty and eſtates, the grant of which ſhe immediately ceded to him! I embraced him and his ſon ſaying; 'I am your friend 'and I wiſh you will for the future be 'mine.' All the politeneſs of a courtier was requiſite to conceal the old Count's confuſion; he coloured, heſitated and endeavoured even to find excuſes for his crimes, which muſt needs appear ridiculous; I perceived in his acknowledgments the violence, he felt, to be obliged to me. His ſon treated me with all the natural vehemency he could have treated me with,

had our fate been reverted, and did not expreſs the leaſt gratitude for his liberty; his inſolent countenance informed me, what I had in future to expect from him; but I appeared in my own eyes too much exalted above him, than to be afraid of him, contenting myſelf with deſpiſing him.

The Count of P—, my uncle, went after this juncture to his regained eſtates, which the King had appointed for his retreat, and I left Carolina with all the weakneſs of an unhappy lover. The image of Mrs. Wells was now but faintly impreſſed on my heart, and inſtead of having formerly remembered the raptures and pleaſures of my approaching happineſs, it now appeared to me only in order to puniſh me, and to make me melancholy. I ſaw the injury, I offered to Mrs. Wells; I even gave ſome juſtice to her charms; nay I went ſtill farther and reſolved

reſolved to combat my freſh paſſion, but I omitted as is generally the caſe, to put into execution, what I had reſolved upon. I now dreaded the moment, in which Mrs. Wells ſhould be a perſonal witneſs of my inconſtancy; for the unhappy letter, which called her to me with all the tenderneſs of a lover, was already ſent away, and knowing her love towards me, I reflected with horror on what would become of her, when ſhe ſhould find me the moſt ingrateful and wicked of men; ſince it was me, who had diſturbed her in her tears, (part of the duty ſhe obſerved) her, who for my ſake was induced to forget an huſband undoubtedly better than myſelf or at leaſt more conſtant, and who now myſelf moſt cruelly forgot her. Could I more inhumanely revenge this late huſband on her? at one time I accurſed the day, in which her charms had firſt enſlaved my heart, and at another, I repented the moment, in which I had beheld

beheld Carolina again, and had refreſhed her image in my breaſt. What a melancholy conflict of love and honour in my ſoul! The latter fought for Mrs. Wells, and the former always triumphed in favour of Carolina.

It was now for the firſt time, I perceived, one could be miſerable in affluence, and in all my ſufferings I wanted the only comfort of the unfortunate, to diſcloſe my myſtery to a friend, as I had even from Mr. Worden concealed my promiſe of marriage to Mrs. Wells, in order to avoid his reproaching my imprudent conduct, intending to convince him by the accompliſhments of my beloved, whenever he ſaw her, that I was not ſo culpable. How much leſs could I, without offending the rigor of his virtue, diſcover to him, that my heart after all that had paſſed betwixt it and Mrs. Wells, was yet divided between her and Caro-

Carolina! I therefore concealed within my own breaſt my troubles. Worden perceived my grief, but aſcribing it to the ingrateful behaviour, with which the young Count of P— had rewarded my ſervices, he endeavoured to leſſen my hatred againſt him by extolling his ſiſter, which happy miſtake, unknown to him, increaſed my flame, and which was the firſt time, this worthy friend committed a trifling fault out of love to mankind. I left him in his miſtake, in order not to deprive myſelf of talking to Carolina, whom he exalted almoſt as eagerly as myſelf; I even perceived ſometimes a little confuſion in him, and I ſhould ſurely have thought him my rival, had he not been Worden.

I acquainted the King with the execution of his orders, according to which the Count of P— and his ſon were now enjoying their liberty, who imperceptibly turned

turned the converſation on the Counteſs Carolina, in whoſe praiſe I was laviſh, and ſuddenly interrupting me, he aſked, if I loved her? His queſtion confounded me. What could I anſwer? my eyes and my confuſion would have betrayed me, had I concealed the truth, and therefore I confeſſed my paſſion.

'I will reward it, replied he graci-
'ouſly; take from my hands Carolina
'for your wife, and I will return to her
'father the eſtates, my treaſury has con-
'fiſcated. I do not believe, that he will
'dare to refuſe you his daughter upon
'this condition, and as I wiſh a ſincere
'reconciliation between you and your
'uncle, I believe, this union will prove
'the moſt effectual means towards it.'

Could they have more dangerouſly attacked the remainder of my paſſion for Mrs. Wells? All the duties of love and virtue

virtue joined in this critical period to remember me on what was due to her; but on the contrary, I perceived Carolina, and I ſaw the moment approaching, in which I muſt either make this lovely widow or myſelf unhappy; what irreſolute torments agitated my breaſt.

My art invented a freſh ſubterfuge, which ſucceeded, though Mrs. Wells gained little or nothing by it. I thanked the King for his favour, and intreated his leave for allowing me ſome time, in order to examine, whether the Counteſs's heart was tenderly inclined to me; 'for, ſaid I to my Sovereign, 'Carolina might perhaps be forced by 'your Majeſty's and her father's order 'to yield her hand, without having it in 'her power to ſurrender me her heart; 'and with what ſorrow ſhould I embrace 'my wife, on whom I doated, and whom 'never-

'nevertheleſs through love I had made 'unhappy!'

The King approved the purity of my paſſion, though in the mean time, I wanted nothing but time to fix my choice. However, my reſolution was not more dubious, ſince I wanted but ſome more reaſons to overcome the reproaches of my conſcience, which inceſſantly remembered me of Mrs. Wells, and I was ingenious enough to find ſome; even religion itſelf, the common ſcreen, behind which mankind conceal all their follies and vices, lent them me. I might through my marriage with Carolina gain over two of my moſt implacable enemies, her father and her brother; what could be more agreeable to chriſtianity? I could procure for the Count, my uncle, all his eſtates; what a freſh proof of my generoſity! but Mrs. Wells will become unhappy by it. I ſoon found means to appeaſe her;

her; for as I was ſtill in poſſeſſion of the letter, which I had intercepted from Mr. Meerdyck, I could make uſe of it to raiſe a ſuſpicion in Mrs. Wells of her former huſband being ſtill alive, and the tenderneſs, ſhe retained for his memory, made me believe, that ſhe then would annul all treaties with me, and would cede her right to Carolina.

To be ſure, this freſh diſcovery would renew her former tears, but I left it to time and to my perſuaſions to dry them up. The merchant's letter raiſed beſides a freſh doubt in my breaſt, on which I ſhould never have thought, had I not loved Carolina. 'Who knows, ſaid I, 'but Mrs. Wells's huſband may really 'be ſtill alive, and what a crime would 'it be for me to rob him of his lady!'

Thus on a ſudden I became virtuous, becauſe it depended thereon, to prove unfaith-

unfaithful to Mrs. Wells. In ſhort—I conquered all objections, which honour, virtue, and even love offered to me in favour of this unhappy lady, though I was more than ſenſible, that my reaſons were very weak, which I alledged to ſupport my new paſſion; though I perceived a thouſand vexations to which I ſhould expoſe myſelf, and though I foreſaw, that I hardly could eſcape the ſhame of being an impoſtor. However peace, honour, and faith—every thing was ſacrificed to my paſſion. Fool that I was! all my misfortunes had not made me wiſe. I flew to Carolina to offer her my heart, when perhaps at the ſame time Mrs. Wells entertained herſelf with the repreſentations of my love, and the joys of our meeting, and counted my ſighs over her abſence after her own! Was I worthy to be beloved by either?

Caro-

Carolina was ignorant both of my former exceſſes and my preſent perfidy to Mrs. Wells. I was beloved, and therefore I was heard, though ſhe left it to her father's determination. It was hard for him to give his daughter to an enemy, whom he moſt hated, and it was on the other hand very alluring to regain ſuch important eſtates. Hatred and avarice ſtruggled for ſome moments in his heart, but the latter gaining the aſcendancy, it conquered, and I obtained his conſent to marry her. Nothing was capable of gaining her brother's approbation, who declared, that he never would conſent to ſuch an union, and that I had nothing to expect from him but his hatred. I ſhould have immediately puniſhed his rude behaviour, had I not ſacrificed my paſſion to the intreaties of his ſiſter.

I acquainted the King with my happineſs, and he was pleaſed to rejoice with me. The Count of P— was re-inſtated in his eſtates, and the King himſelf appointed a day, on which our nuptials were to be performed in his preſence. How long ſeemed this happy day to tarry! I filled up the interval by ſpending it with Carolina. No remembrance of Mrs. Wells embittered the joys, I reaped, as there was no time left me, when I was with Carolina, to think of the former. At laſt the day appeared, for which, to my real ſhame, I had ſo eagerly wiſhed.

The evening approached amidſt an hundred little follies of a lover; the coach was ready, which was to carry me to my Carolina, and I walked in my choice dreſs I thought would beſt pleaſe her, to and fro in the room, meditating aſſurances and

and proofs, which I would give her of my love. I was ſtanding with my back towards the door, when I felt myſelf on a ſudden embraced, and received more than twenty kiſſes, before I knew, who gave them me. 'Are you ſtill my dear 'Count? do you ſtill love me?' I was aſked, and by whom? Heavens! by Mrs. Wells!

The violence of her embraces concealed from her for ſome minutes my uneaſineſs. 'How pretty are you dreſſed! ſaid ſhe 'jokingly, for whom are you ſo decorat-'ed? I hope not for me?' Here ſhe perceived my confuſion; 'Lord! cried ſhe, 'while her fair eyes wept, you do not 'anſwer me! not one ſingle act of ten-'derneſs do you return me! Alas! you 'have forgot me! what will become of 'me? But no, proceeded ſhe, increaſing 'her careſſes, you love me ſtill: your 'mind is noble, I am ſure! perhaps a

'freſh misfortune has happened to you;
'diſcloſe it to your beloved, and ſhe pro-
'miſes you her tears; nay, ſhe promiſes
'you her love, to make you forget part
'of it.'

Could my heart be ſenſeleſs to all this tenderneſs? I perceived Mrs. Wells's beauty, and was aſtoniſhed, that I had been ſo cruel as to forget her. I embraced her, not without repenting my tranſgreſſions againſt her, and my love, which I had ſo often ſworn to her, returned to my heart. Each time I kiſſed her, it grew ſtronger, and I forgot, that I was going to court, and wherefore I did ſo. Poor Carolina! only ſome ſighs I conſecrated to her remembrance, and Mrs. Wells was involuntarily cruel, to aſcribe them to our late parting. She comforted me, and I felt no deſire to make her perceive, that ſhe was miſtaken. I concealed from her my firſt confuſion under the pretext

text of her unexpected arrival, and ſome intricate affairs at court. She loved me too much, than to ſuſpect me. How ardent, how lively was her love, when ſhe found her Count faithful!

She related to me in the ſprightlieſt manner her journey, and how ſhe had ſearched for me all over my eſtates. The adventure with Carolina had prevented me keeping the promiſe, I had given her to expect her there, and the violence of her love had made her ſet out immediately for the metropolis and for my palace. Some of my ſervants I had brought with me from Holland knew her, and as they knew nothing of my love with Carolina, they thought a viſit from Mrs. Wells before my going to court would always be agreeable to me; for which reaſon they eaſily were prevailed upon to conduct her privately to my room, and ſhe enjoyed the pleaſure of ſurpriſing me.

We renewed our tenderneſs after her relation, and our ſouls felt nothing but love. How happy did ſhe deem herſelf in my arms, and how happy ſhould I have been, had not my heart made me recollect, that I was unworthy of being ſo! She ſunk quite enraptured on my breaſt, and her lips clung cloſe to mine. Our tongues were ſilent, and our eyes alone told each other, what we felt.

We did not perceive in the ſenſation of our joys, that the door opened, neither did we obſerve it till Mr. Worden, who had opened it, ſtood before us. Mrs. Wells ſaw him, and ſwooned into my arms. I called Mr. Worden to my aſſiſtance, and I had almoſt fallen into the ſame condition, when I found him ſpeechleſs, and without motion. I immediately called my ſervants, and they recovered Mr. Worden firſt, who threw himſelf with

with vehemence on Mrs. Wells, whom I kept in my arms, tore her from them, encircled her in his, and loaded her with kiſſes. 'My wife, my dear wife! I— 'unhappy man!' This was all I could underſtand from his broken complaints, and I felt myſelf jealous through Mr. Worden's agitations; I therefore briefly told him her hiſtory, and aſſured him, nobody had a claim to her but myſelf; 'She is my wife, exclaimed he eagerly, 'and nobody ſhall rob me of her!'

Here Mrs. Wells opened her eyes, but ſhe did it only to ſhed a torrent of tears. I approached to careſs her, but ſhe did not ſuffer me to go on, and Worden was happier than I, whoſe hand ſhe tenderly preſſed. 'Why, ſaid ſhe at laſt to him, 'muſt I always appear guilty in your 'eyes without deſerving it?' Her weakneſs did not ſuffer her to proceed. I ſat, as if dreaming, and nothing but miſts of

ignorance clouded my ſenſes; gueſſing I ſhould loſe her, I began to love her more ardently, than ever I had done.—Odd effects of paſſions!

Some reſtorative medicines, which they gave Mrs. Wells quite recovered her. 'Do you not any longer know the Count 'of P—?' ſaid I to her, when ſhe was recovering. 'I know you, my Lord, but 'you do not know me, unhappy woman! 'Look here, proceeded ſhe, pointing to 'Worden, this is the dear huſband, I 'have ſo often bewailed in your pre-'ſence, and my name Wells was only a 'borrowed one; but I cannot now expa-'tiate on the relation of my misfortunes.'

After which, ſhe returned to her beloved huſband, who intreated her by the moſt affecting tenderneſs for her's. 'Why, 'ſaid ſhe to him, will you kill me by 'your tenderneſs, dear Mr. Worden? 'You

'You know, I do not deſerve it, and can 'you forgive an ingrateful wretch, who 'more, than once, has offended you? 'into what miſery ſhould I have plunged 'myſelf, had I got acquainted with you 'ſome days later?' Mr. Worden ſaid all, that love could inſpire to comfort her. The phyſician, who attended, deſired us to let her reſt, and we left her very melancholy; but ſcarce had the tender Worden heard, that ſhe was ſleeping, when he returned to her bed, and watched by her with the utmoſt care.

I ſpent ſome minutes in ſolitude, in order to reflect on this unexpected adventure, and I underſtood very well, that Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Worden were but one perſon, though I did not know, how it was poſſible. I now ſaw, that I could never marry her and her loſs coſt me ſome tears; but Carolina ſoon made my victory complete, and I was even rejoi-

ced, that I had ſo happily ſaved my honour in this perplexed matter; for either Mrs. Wells or Carolina muſt otherwiſe have hated me and thought me a deceiver.

Mr. Worden's friendſhip had its ſhare in my joy; but with what diſpleaſure did I recollect that I had neglected my happineſs! they had a long time vainly expected me at the court of P—; nay they had even ſent for me, and Mr. Worden himſelf came to my apartment, in order to tell me, that I was deſired to attend at court. I immediately drove to the Count of P—'s, in order to ſee, if I could make amends for my careleſſneſs; but what bad news waited for me there! Carolina had ſuddenly ſet out for her father's country ſeat, accompanied by him and her brother; it was too late for me to follow them, and beſides the condition, in which

which I had left my friend and Mrs. Wells, made it impoſſible for me.

I went to court, where the King received me very much diſpleaſed at my conduct; I informed him of my misfortune and told him with ſome invented circumſtances the perplexity, which the unexpected arrival of my friend's lady, whoſe hiſtory I briefly related, had occaſioned me; but I carefully concealed the ſhare, my own weakneſs had in this relation. He pitied me, but he told me; 'I doubt 'whether you can as eaſily appeaſe your 'beloved, as your King.' His propheſy was very melancholy, and I returned home very much grieved, that Worden was happier than I. I found his lady in his arms, who was quite recovered and was but a little weak after the terror and fright, ſhe had undergone. Worden thanked me with all the extacy of a friend, that I had given him back his

lady, and aſked me, if I would cede him my right to her? Mrs. Worden did not venture to look either on Mr. Worden or me; begging him oftentimes to forgive her, if ſhe had loved me, and he ſentenced her to continue to love me, but added he joking; 'a little leſs than 'myſelf.'

Her huſband's careſſes and time eradicated by degrees the remembrance of the unhappy adventure from out of her breaſt, which had been the cauſe of her parting with her huſband; but ſhe did not know, that I was acquainted with this unhappy misfortune, the ignorance of which ſaved her bluſhes, with which ſhe otherwiſe would have looked upon me. Worden told her, that he had concealed from me beneath a happy invented ſtory, which could neither offend her virtue nor in the leaſt the modeſty of her ſex, the true motives of her elopement, and ſhe was therefore

therefore contented, when ſhe was aſſured, that this affair could not leſſen my eſteem towards her. I heard from Mr. Worden the ſequel of her hiſtory, ſince the time ſhe had left him; he had made her confeſs, that her flight had been too precipitate, ſince ſhe could foreſee the pains, her loſs would coſt him; ten times ſhe had reſolved to return, but the remembrance of her ſhame had as many times prevented the execution of it. She had puniſhed herſelf for the cruelty, ſhe committed againſt him, by ſacrificing every minute of her life to the moſt acute pains, ſhe poſſibly could feel, and had gone to Holland, where ſhe thought herſelf moſt ſecure againſt her huſband's enquiries, ſince he muſt dread there the revenge of Lord B—; ſhe went there under the name of Mrs. Wells, as the widow of an Engliſh Colonel, and ſince Mr. Meerdyck had been a correſpondent and friend to her father, ſhe confeſſed to him her real name,

name, though ſhe concealed from him the true motive of her preſent retreat; and Mr. Meerdyck took the management of her ſmall capital upon him, giving her all the gain of it with an honeſty, which perhaps he would have forgot againſt every other perſon, ſave the fair Mrs. Wells. By his aſſiſtance ſhe poſſeſſed ſo much, that ſhe might have taſted the ſweets of content, had ſhe been able to do it. He brought her intelligence of her dear huſband's leaving Leghorn and Italy without being able to diſcover his abode. Her heart bled, when ſhe reflected on her being undoubtedly herſelf the reaſon, which had baniſhed him from Leghorn, the place of his repoſe and conveniency.

At laſt this merchant acquainted her with this dear huſband's death, and her grief was not to be compared to any thing but itſelf. Throughout two years ſhe went for him in mourning. She was continu-

continually perſecuted by his image, which reproached her with her cruelty of having killed him. This alone was a ſmall comfort to her, that he was now become too happy, than that he ſhould any more grieve concerning the injuries, ſhe had offended him with. The merchant had already before her huſband's death made her perceive, that his heart was as ſenſible of love, as of riches, and now he openly proſecuted his offers. This circumſtance and the letter I had interrupted were ſure proofs of his having invented her huſband's death from the moſt ſcandalous ſelf interreſtedneſs. In this melancholy juncture I had become acquainted with her, and was ſo happy as to move her heart in ſpite of all the reproaches, wherewith conſtancy towards her late huſband tormented her; which (our affection) was the occaſion, that reſtored to my friend his beloved lady.

In theſe raptures, which filled my breaſt with love and honour, I had forgot to name to her the perſon whoſe endeavours I was obliged to for the moſt part of my re-inſtated fortune, and I had never mentioned to her the name of Worden. How could ſhe therefore gueſs, that ſhe ſhould find him with me? However ſhe found him, and after a number of tears, which the remembrance of her misfortunes coſt her, ſhe felt the joys of embracing him again. Every minute ſhe employed in aſking pardon for the paſt, and to deſerve his tenderneſs afreſh; though ſhe poſſeſſed it without her endeavours to merit it, and both forgot, what they had ſuffered, in the pleaſure of their mutual love.

My friend's happineſs made me ſigh, and if I did not ſtill continue to love Mrs. Worden, I at leaſt recollected, that I had doated upon her. However, the thought

thought of having rendered my friend happy by ſacrificing my love to him, eaſed me a little, and the remembrance of Carolina completed my repoſe. What charming ſcenes did I preſage, would entrance my ſoul in the future poſſeſſion of Carolina, whenever I envied my friend in his lady's arms! deluſive hope! thou, which oftentimes makeſt men feel future pleaſures as preſent, though they never attain them! In fact, I neither deſerved Mrs. Worden or Carolina, and it was therefore but juſt, that I loſt them both through my perfidy and inconſtancy.

I went the next day as early as poſſible to the Count of P—'s country ſeat, where my utter misfortune waited me.

The young Count received me with a look partly threatening and partly jeering, which plainly foretold me, what I had to dread; the father's indifference confirmed my

my fears. Rage and melancholy in Carolina's eyes compleated my deſpair. I found Lord K— in company with her, by whoſe looks and intimacy with her brother I ſuſpected his being my intended rival; and he was indeed a powerful one, for being rich, he pleaſed the father's avarice, and being my enemy, he poſſeſſed the young Count's friendſhip; nay he had, though ſomething in exceſs, all the qualifications requiſite to pleaſe. How eaſy therefore was it for him, to touch the young Counteſs's heart! Indeed he was an odd compoſition of meanneſs, pride and perfidy, through revenge capable of committing every vice, and knew no law, except that of his paſſions; but the world now a-days rather values theſe vices, than deſpiſes them, ſince they are almoſt become neceſſary qualifications for a well-bred gentleman; and ſuppoſe, Carolina's ſoul would not have thought ſo meanly as the generality of men, is it difficult

difficult for vice to appear in the maſk of virtue, and impoſe on the upright, whenſoever its intereſt requires it?

The Lord took his leave at the very time, I ſhould not have longer been able to reſtrain myſelf from ſhewing him my diſpleaſure, and after he was gone, I had the utmoſt pain to defend myſelf againſt all the reproaches, which I was loaded with. I had been unfavourably repreſented to Carolina, and the author of theſe calumnies was not difficult to gueſs; for who could be more capable to commit ſuch a villany, than young Count P—? Mrs. Worden's virtue was expoſed to ſlander, being called the worſt of women. They had learnt, that I had been viſited by a lady without any attendance, who was beſides handſome, and what could their wicked thoughts ſuggeſt her to be, but a lewd woman, in whoſe embraces I had forgot, what was due to Carolina.

This

This calumny was indeed very improbable and inſipid; but when does the propagator of ſuch villanies give himſelf the pains to examine his invented falſehoods according to the laws of probability? for nothing is more eaſily believed than detraction.

I defended myſelf by relating the whole truth, as it really was, except my promiſe of marriage to Mrs. Worden, and I appealed to Mr. Worden as a witneſs. Carolina eſteemed and confided in him, and as virtue always inſpires perſons of her character with ſuch notions, ſhe left it to my friend's evidence. I could gueſs by her looks, how ardently ſhe wiſhed me innocent; but the father's and brother's countenance ſhewed no ſuch ſymptoms. The latter waited not my return, but went out of the room, after he had vainly attacked his ſiſter's paſſion with

with all poſſible arts, hatred and malice could arm him with.

I returned to my friend, and it not being time to conceal my weakneſs, I diſcovered it to him, who with the moſt tender friendſhip reproached the raſhneſs, with which I had engaged in two ſo different contracts; but promiſed, after my intreating him, to conceal my inconſtancy from his wife. However, he moſt ardently diſſuaded me from marrying Carolina, and made me recollect Fanny. Unſeaſonable remembrance! 'Have you any 'other witneſſes, ſaid he, my Lord, of 'her death than yourſelf? what would 'be the conſequence ſhould ſhe be ſtill 'living?'

I was dumb to his repreſentations; I begged, I accuſed him with falſity, I threatened, and I told him, I would diſſolve our friendſhip, if he did refuſe me his

his assistance in such an important affair. At last I made him consent, and he accompanied me to Carolina. Here I perceived the power, his virtue had over her heart. He defended me against my enemies accusations, and his defence at last lessened her suspicions against me, though her native character prevented its being quite extinguished. He promised, that his dear lady, who by misfortunes had been separated from him, should herself confirm the truth of this witness, as soon as the recovery from a little illness should permit her to intreat personally the honour of the Countess's friendship.

I was now as happy with Carolina as ever; but the old Count appeared but very indifferently pleased with it, though the King's command prevented his shewing his displeasure at it. This gracious Monarch, who was never indifferent to the happiness of the meanest of his subjects,

jects, was less so to his favourites, and I intreating him to hasten my union with the Countess, he appointed the evening of the same day for it. In consequence of this happy order, I rode as swift as my horse could bear it to the Count's country seat, in order to inform Carolina of this agreeable news; but my misfortune followed me. I was thrown off my horse within fifty steps from the seat, and the hurt I got by it, prevented my returning the same day to town.

Worden and his lady learnt my unhappy adventure, and their great friendship induced them to fear more, than was needful. They soon arrived at my uncle's country seat, which was but three miles distant from the metropolis. It was thought necessary to discover to Mr. Worden my approaching union to Carolina, and though she seemed to hear it with pleasure, she could not suppress a sigh,

ſigh, which eſcaped her breaſt, and which ſhe artfully concealed beneath the reproach of my not having truely loved her, ſince I could ſo ſoon forget her. I anſwered by aſking, what other means were left me, than to change into ſincere friendſhip, that tender love, which was before allowed me? I confeſſed to her, that I had not been utterly inſenſible to my conſin's charms in my youth, even before I had left my country. The haſte, in which I was going to celebrate our marriage, I concealed under the obſtacles, I ſhould have apprehended by delaying it, ariſing from the old Count's and his ſon's hatred againſt me.

Thus my inconſtancy remained to her a ſecret, and ſhe forgot, in her huſband's arms, to make any farther enquiry; but it was eſſential my indiſcretion in offering marriage to another lady, at the time I courted the Counteſs, ſhould be inviolably

bly kept ſecret from Carolina; for as I knew, the ſenſibility of her ſoul required my heart undivided, nay perſuaded as I was, that if ſhe was robbed by me of one ſingle look, it would occaſion her pain, I could not think, ſhe would ever forgive me the crime of impoſing upon her fondneſs by affecting to become her huſband at a time, it was impoſſible for me to do ſo, and eſpecially as ſo flagrant a breach of honour would be conſidered in the eyes of virtue as a ſin.

My extravagancies in France were unknown in my native country, though calumny is very buſy in diſcloſing a neighbour's faults. Worden alone knew them, and was he capable of betraying me? this thought did not in the leaſt make me apprehend I ſhould be diſcovered, but my promiſe of marriage to Mrs. Worden was, what I had moſt to fear. My friend, and I myſelf entreated her not to mention

it to Carolina, in order to ſpare her the vexation of it, and ſhe promiſed not to do it, though the ſequel will evince, whether ſhe kept her word; for ſhe was either induced through a native vivacity, or through a little female pride, which ſo readily boaſts of its conqueſts, to act contrary to her promiſe.

Carolina was with me, when Mr. and Mrs. Worden ſent up their names, whom ſhe received with her uſual civility, though I perceived by her countenance, that notwithſtanding herbehaviour, ſhe was ſomewhat diſpleaſed. Mrs. Worden was handſome and lively, neither of which pleaſed Carolina, and I perceived, ſhe noticed all my looks; wherefore I took care not to look on Mrs. Worden; tho' for all that her vivacity occaſioned us an hundred vexations; for in joking, ſhe often forgot part of her promiſe, and there wanted but a perſon to be half as pene-

penetrating an obſerver as Carolina, in order to detect us in her converſations, in more than one circumſtance. The Counteſs learnt from her, that I had lived ſome time at her houſe in Holland, which declaration was ſufficiently capable to increaſe her jealouſy. A great many other little faults Mrs. Worden committed, which her huſband and I were not always able to mend. However my friend by a ſpeedy departure freed me from the apprehenſion of her diſcovering the whole ſecret. After they were gone Carolina remained diſpleaſed, though her tenderneſs did not ſeem to alter. How many agreeable things did we ſay to each other? happy minutes!— they were the only, I was deſtined to enjoy for a long time. She was called—ſhe kiſſed me—and withdrew. Alas! could I think it was to be the laſt kiſs for many years? An hour elapſed, and ſhe did not return. I began to fear, though I knew no reaſon. My

valet de chambre privately informed me, ſhe was locked up in a cloſet and was in cloſe conference with her father and brother. The preſence of her brother, whom I thought far off, rendered me motionleſs through terror; but being unable to riſe on account of the hurt, I had received by falling from off my horſe, I wrote a few lines to her, conjuring her moſt tenderly to come to me. With this billet-doux I diſpatched my valet de chambre to her, but her father took it, and excuſed his daughter's not waiting on me, on account of a little ſwoon, which had befallen her. What excruciating torments for me! I ſent for the old Count; he promiſed to come, but he did not, and it grew dark, while I became a prey to the moſt poignant vexations. Part of the houſe, but very diſtant from Carolina's apartments, were appointed for me, which diſtance greatly encreaſed my ſorrows. During the ſilence, which every where

where reigned, on hearing in the yard the rattling of a coach, in ſpite of my pain I approached the window; the moon ſhone clear enough for me to know the young Count of P— and one of the ſervants, I had brought with me from Holland, on horſeback, who attended a coach, which was ready to ſet out. I thought, I heard my uncle's voice, but it was too faint for me to be certain. This occurrence made me apprehend my misfortune. I called out and my cry brought my valet de chambre to me, who was the only one of my ſervants, I had along with me. I immediately ſent him to Carolina, who returned and told me all was quiet in the houſe. I ſent him again to the old Count, and when he returned along with him, I enquired angrily, whither they had carried Carolina? he ſeemed to be ſurprized at my queſtion, and replied 'ſhe is in her 'chamber, where I left her ſoundly re-'poſing after a little ſwoon, which had

'befallen her.' He could not however make me believe it, and therefore he took my valet de chambre along with him in order to convince me of his aſſertion.

After ſome little time, they both very ſorrowfully returned; 'we have loſt Carolina;' exclaimed the Count in an aſtoniſhment, which appeared probable, and gave me a parcel of papers (which he had found on her dreſſing table, directed to me) beſides ſome trifles, I had given her. It contained a copy of my promiſe of marriage given to Mrs. Wells, and a letter under my own hand, wherein I entreated her with all the tenderneſs of an intended huſband to come to my native country. A ſmall billet-doux wrote by Carolina was laid by it with the following few lines. 'I have no need to return you 'your heart, ſince you never gave it me.'

'Carolina, Counteſs of P—.'

The

The firſt ſhock of my grief terminated in tears, and to add to it, I muſt own myſelf, that I had partly deſerved the Counteſs's contempt. Unhappy paſſion! exclaimed I, how often have you rendered me wretched, and yet for all that, ye have not, in one ſingle inſtance, rendered me more diſcreet.

In the heat of my paſſion I ſuſpected Mrs. Worden, for who elſe could it be, ſhe having the letter and the promiſe of marriage in her cuſtody? but could my friend's lady (who even herſelf had loved me) commit ſo great an act of baſeneſs as to betray me? no! and the ſequel of this will prove her innocent.

My rage did not ſpare the old Count, and without the leaſt heſitation, I aſcribed to him all my miſery. He defended himſelf by very probable arguments, but

who could truſt an aged courtier? and the ardor alone with which he aſſiſted me, to diſcover his daughter's retreat, was the ſureſt method of palliating in ſome degree my reſentment. All the ſpies we employed could not diſcover it, and I became almoſt mad, not being able myſelf to ſeek her, ſince I flattered myſelf with more ſucceſs from my own aſſiduity, than from all their reſearches. What an unſerviceable preſent was dignity and fortune to me at this wretched period! for they rendered me ſtill more unhappy, than I ſhould have been without them, forcing me to conceal from the world the acuteneſs of my ſufferings, which would have exulted in my misfortunes in proportion to the exalted degree of honour, in which envy beheld me.

My friend Mr. Worden and his lady came to comfort me; but my ſoul was all deſpair, and I heſitated not to let Mrs. Worden

Worden perceive my ſuſpicion. However, in her defence ſhe diſplayed her innocence ſo ſtrongly, that my honour induced me to aſk pardon. She informed me, that a ſhort time after her chambermaid had eloped with one of my ſervants, I had brought with me from Holland, ſhe miſſed theſe papers and ſome other valuable things; and this ſervant was the very ſame perſon I had ſeen with the young Count of P—.

Some days after the Counteſs was gone, I perceived in my friends countenances a more than uſual grief, and the compaſſionate looks with which they beheld me, their private converſations; in ſhort, every thing aſſured me, I had reaſon to apprehend a freſh misfortune. I inquired into the cauſe, but they refuſed informing me of it, which greatly increaſed my ſuſpicions. Surmizing the worſt, I immediately exclaimed, like a madman;

'Carolina is dead, and my folly un-
'doubtedly is the cauſe, which deprived
'her of life!' 'No, no, ſaid Mrs. Wor-
'den, interrupting me, ſeemingly in or-
'der to comfort me, ſhe lives; but, ad-
'ded ſhe, with the uſual volubility of
'her tongue—as Lord K—'s lady.'

Poor Mrs. Worden did not think, that this account was as melancholy to me, as the tidings of her death; but I concealed the mortal pangs, which attacked my breaſt, having already fixed my reſolution. For what could I now wiſh but revenge! My apparent calmneſs deceived my friends. I inquired into the circumſtances of this unhappy marriage, and they did not think proper, to conceal them any longer from my knowledge; nay, they even gave me a letter from the young Count of P—, which, though it did not mention the place of their abode, was wrote in a more courteous ſtyle, than I ſhould

I ſhould have thought. He alledged many reaſons, why the marriage between me and his ſiſter muſt have been impoſſible, to wit, the enmity, which had always ſubſiſted between our families; the diſgrace, my re-acquired fortune had caſt upon them, and his hatred againſt me, which he declared ſhould terminate but in death, and that his ſiſter had voluntarily accepted Lord K—'s hand. Finally he gave me to underſtand, that as I knew how little I deſerved her, he would wreak his vengeance upon me, if I either preſumed to diſturb him, or Lord K—'s marriage, which revenge ſhould be ſatiſfied but at the expence of my life.

This letter did not alter my reſolution; but my recovery was neceſſary to carry my revenge into execution, which I promoted through the patience and reſignation, with which I bore my fate. What will not our paſſions prompt us to under-

take! That which neither religion, nor the advice of my friends could obtain, was nevertheleſs very eaſy to the deſire of revenging myſelf. I remembered Carolina but to deſpiſe her. Could ſhe in a few hours forget all, I felt for her? and why? through a levity, which made me culpable, though it did not deſerve ſo cruel a revenge.

Amidſt the hatred, I felt againſt her, I made obſervations on the fair ſex, which were by no means advantageous to them. It was this ſex, which had ſo often made me miſerable. 'Women, exclaimed I, 'are nothing but our tyrants, whoſe 'vices we adore as ſo many virtues, and 'who are accuſtomed to revenge our 'ſmalleſt frailties as the greateſt crimes.' I reproached nature with having created our hearts ſenſible to their charms, and as little as I now eſteemed Carolina, as little it leſſened my reſentment, believing that honour

honour exacted from me revenge, though the real motive was love.

My bruiſes were ſoon cured, and I left the old Count of P—, whoſe extreme grief, not knowing his daughter's retreat, did not deceive me. On taking my leave of him, I did not conceal from him my ſuſpicion; nay I even threatened him with revenge. He had great reaſons to fear my threats, ſince his whole fortune depended upon me; and all his atteſtations of innocence were ineffectual. I threw myſelf at my Sovereign's feet, and begged his permiſſion, to retire for ſome time into the country, in order to find in ſolitude ſome relief for my pangs; he granted it, pitied my ſituation, and promiſed me juſtice againſt my enemies, whenever their retreat ſhould be diſcovered.

Worden

Worden gueſſed the reaſon of my retiring; he knew my heart was capable of riſking all, when it had been offended, and he foreſaw my death, or that of my enemies, if ever we ſhould meet each other. I liſtened to the arguments, by which he endeavoured to inſtil into me the duties of religion and virtue; but they were as ſoon forgot. He offered to accompany me, if I would not ſtay with him; bnt I left him, before he ſuſpected it, and all that he obtained from me, was a promiſe not to revenge myſelf on my uncle by means of the King's favour towards me.

I traverſed *incognito* all the places, where I knew, there were eſtates belonging to Count P— or Lord K—, and employed upon each of them ſome ſpies; but notwithſtanding this, I could not diſcover their abode. My ſervants at laſt brought a farmer to me, who had given him-

himſelf much trouble, to enquire for me; he gave me letters, which informed me of all, I was curious to know. They were from Betty, the Counteſs's chambermaid, who had attended her in her retreat, and they increaſed my grief, as ſoon as I perceived that my couſin, through force, had been compelled to become the victim of my enemies.

The young Count of P— ſuſpected me and Mr. Worden, and he wanted to be better informed of it. The faith of ſervants is now a days not leſs vincible, than that of their maſters; he gained over one of mine to his party, who could inform him of all he wanted to know, and through whoſe art, joined to the aſſiſtance of Mrs. Worden's chambermaid, he even obtained the above-mentioned letter, and my promiſe of marriage to Mrs. Worden, which made him capable of attacking his ſiſter in the moſt dangerous

gerous place. He produced theſe papers, and ſhe could no longer doubt of my levity; her jealouſy and her brother's ſlander added an hundred other proofs of my inconſtancy, which was all done at the unhappy juncture, ſhe was called from me.

Her father and brother employed their authority, in order to induce her to leave me; nay they even prevented her, by a neceſſary precaution, not to require any juſtification from me, and the young Counteſs choſe Lady A—'s country ſeat, in order to conceal herſelf from me. How happy ſhould I have been, had I had nothing elſe to dread! I might have diſcovered her, and love would have procured me pardon. Poor Counteſs! ſhe voluntarily met her misfortune; her villanous brother ſurrendered her into the hands of Lord K—, inſtead of carrying her to Lady A—, and ſhe was conveyed as far as the utmoſt confines of the kingdom,

dom, to the country ſeat of one of the Lord's friends, where at preſent ſhe lived. She accuſed herſelf of having merited her misfortunes by her jealouſy, concerning me, and ſhe was perſecuted with the utmoſt threats, to accept the Lord's hand.

Surrounded by deſpair, ſhe for the firſt time diſcovered how dearly ſhe loved me. She had no other means to ſave her virtue but by marriage, and the villain obtained the rights of an huſband without the leaſt repentance, for having rendered her unhappy; they treated this unfortunate lady with the utmoſt cruelty, continually confining her, and even depriving her of the uſe of writing implements; ſhe enjoyed no other company but Betty's, and her grief. However, in the abſence of her tyrants, ſhe had the conſolation to ſigh without being diſturbed; a wretched pleaſure, which was debarred her in their preſence.

The

The Count and his daſtardly brother-in-law had reſolved to fly with the lady, they had rendered unhappy, into a foreign kingdom as ſoon as they had got the important ſums, for which they wanted to mortgage the Lord's eſtates. Betty concluded her letter with the relation of the trouble and danger, encompaſſed by which, ſhe had wrote it, and which was even unknown to her miſtreſs; for this lady, notwithſtanding her ſufferings, preſerved the moſt rigid obſervations of her duties for a villain, who called himſelf her huſband, and ſhe never would have permitted Betty to write any thing either diſadvantageous to his honour, or life.

The two villains deaths I premeditated as ſoon as I knew their retreat, and religion could not diſſuade me from ſacrificing to my revenge two men in the midſt of their crimes. It obtained nothing from

from me, but what it does from all ſlaves to their paſſions, to wit, to exchange virtue for vice; nay it muſt even give my cruelty the colour of a laudable action. Could it be contrary to it, to puniſh vice? I as little reflected on the deteſtation, with which Carolina would behold her huſband's and brother's murderer; for could ſhe accept of the hand, wreaking with the blood of two perſons, to whom nature and religion had bound her?

I aſſembled all my men, and found our number ſtrong enough to ſurprize our enemies. We reached the country-ſeat in a dark night, fit for our deſigns, which was ſituated in a ſolitary and deſart country; we ſcaled the walls, which ſurrounded it, by help of rope ladders. The malefactor never ſleeps ſound for fear of puniſhment; it alarmed them all, but our enemies reſiſtance was weak, and without blood-

blood-ſhed, ſince vice and true courage are never joined together. I occupied all paſſages, which could enable them to eſcape, and I already felt the ſweets of a glutted revenge.

The Count of P— met me half undreſſed on the landing-place with a piſtol in his hand, while I and ſome of my men were going up; at the inſtant, he attempted to ſhoot me, I fired off mine, but in the heat of my paſſion I only ſhattered his arms, which made him unable to defend himſelf, and we ſeized him. To all our reproaches he anſwered but by an obſtinate ſilence, and I ſuffered him to be dragged behind me to the Lord's apartment, who was the only villain left, I had not in my power; for I deſigned to pleaſe myſelf by killing him and his worthleſs friend in Carolina's preſence, without firſt reflecting, what a ſight it would be to her.

We

We forced the door of the Lord's apartment open, but alas! what a proſpect for me, which from no other but ſo mean a perſon as the Lord one could have expected! His lady lay in the moſt abject poſture at his feet, and he had placed a piſtol to her naked breaſt. 'Advance 'not a ſtep farther, cried he, if you will 'not behold her murdered.' I ſtood as rivetted to the place through fear, where I happened to be. 'Do not, continued 'he, expect to regain Carolina alive. 'Grant her brother his liberty, and each 'of us ſufficient time to depart with my 'bride, or you will behold her gaſping 'her laſt.'

How was my breaſt agitated through fear and revenge, being either compelled to ſee my moſt cruel enemies, whom I already had in my power, depart as conquerors, or view her dead at my feet,

for

for whom I would willingly have ſacrificed my life! I offered liberty and every thing to the Lord and her brother, if they would depart without Carolina; but he laughed at my offers. 'You have one 'minute left to reſolve,' ſaid he interrupting me. I looked on Carolina; her tears, and the anguiſh, in which I beheld her, penetrated my heart. She ſeemed to beg her life of me moſt tenderly, and I pronounced ſentence on myſelf.

All, that the cruel Lord deſired, was granted him, and he very impudently exacted from me, that I ſhould order my ſervants to prepare for his departure; I muſt obey. He continually remained in his former poſture, neither was I allowed to draw one ſtep nearer, for on the leaſt motion he was ready to fire. I ſhould have endeavoured to ſhot him unawares, could it have been done without putting his lady into immediate danger of her life,

life. He carried her backwards with the piſtol cocked up to the coach, they had made ready for him, and the Count and ſome ſervants, even he, who had betrayed me, obtained their liberty.

Carolina ſaw her brother bleed, and at her entreaties I had him dreſſed. My foes went contentedly away, without ſaying one word, while I in the interim was expoſed to my own grief and their ſcoffs. I ordered one of my ſervants, to follow him, and he purſued them as far, as to the confines, where they were ſheltered from all my undertakings.

For ſome days after I was as if continually dreaming; the miſcarriage of my deſign deprived me of the liberty to meditate other means of revenge. I did nothing but complain and curſe a life, which was grown tireſome to me. The Lord of the manor came to ſee me, and he excuſed

excuſed himſelf of having known nothing of his friend's mean deſigns, ſince he had only entreated him for a place of refuge to conceal himſelf in under the pretext of his having fallen into the King's diſpleaſure. His phyſiognimy was that of an honeſt man's, and it would have convinced me of his innocence, had I not often perceived it in the countenance of the moſt wicked impoſtor; however as his miſery could be of no ſervice to me, I was far from any deſire of revenging myſelf upon him, and I even ſet at liberty the remaining ſervants belonging to the Lord and Carolina's brother, whom till now I had confined; for they had no other guilt, than that of ſerving vicious maſter's.

My duty recalled me to the metropolis and I ſet out for it with a dejection, which preluded to me all the ſad ſcenes my future life ſhould be attended with. I ſaw

I saw myself and Carolina condemned to eternal tears, when suddenly a fresh dawn of hope arose in my mind. An unexpected adventure delivered both my most implacable enemies into my power, though not without risking my life. What advantages did I promise myself from it! however they vanished as a shadow, before I could enjoy them.

I happened to pass by my uncle's country seat and as I was overtaken by the night I went in, in order to lay there. I found my uncle in real grief concerning his daughter's situation, for she had got an opportunity of informing him in the most moving manner of her misery; and as he really loved her, and had merely through the hatred he bore me, wanted to persuade her to sacrifice me to the Lord, he now perceived, that he had rendered her unhappy, and the repentance of what he had done made him feel the punishment

of his cruelty. His ſon and the Lord laughed at his tears, and my complaints rather encreaſed, than decreaſed them. I painted to him his injuſtice in its true colours; he acknowledged it, and his hatred againſt me for the firſt time began to decreaſe; however he concealed from me, that his ſon and the Lord, my moſt cruel enemies, were ſo near me; they were indeed with me in the ſame houſe, and this ignorance put me into the greateſt danger though I do not think, that the old Count had purpoſely expoſed me to this peril.

The evening being extremely pleaſant, I took a walk with him in one of the alleys before his houſe; but he was ſoon after called away, and that very moment a man ran towards me with his naked ſword. 'Defend thyſelf, exclaimed he 'to me, for neither of us can be eaſy 'without the other's death.' I knew him to

to be the young Count of P—, and as I was in my night gown, conſequently without any arms whatſoever, I thought my death certain; however I warded off ſome of his thruſts with a ſtick, which I happily got hold of, and cried out during my defence for help; but I was ſtabbed through my back and falling upon the ground, I ſaw that my murderer was the Lord.

He would not have remained ſatisfied with this wound, had they not been both obliged to avoid the moſt imminent danger; for ſome ſoldiers on horſeback, who were quartered thereabouts returning from an expedition, on which they had been commanded, happened to approach the place, where we fought juſt at the time, when I was ſtabbed by the Lord, who, accompanied by the villanous companion of his crimes, ſaw themſelves in the power of theſe ſoldiers before they were able to eſcape. I had juſt ſufficient

ſtrength, to tell my name and thoſe of my enemies, and to command them to guard them in the moſt careful manner. The old Count arrived at this juncture to my aſſiſtance, accompanied by his ſervants, but their help would have been much too late. What a ſpectacle for a father! he heard his ſon's crimes, ſaw them in my power, and therefore eaſily concluded, what puniſhment they had to expect. From the greatneſs of his grief and the reproaches, he loaded himſelf with and the two villains, ſhone forth a certain native innocence, which acquitted him from the ſuſpicion of having been privy to their crimes; he did not venture to aſk my pardon for them, ſince he might conclude from my anger, that there was none to be hoped for; but he perhaps flattered himſelf with leſſening my paſſion, through the great care, he applied for my recovery. My wound was not dangerous, and I ſaw myſelf ſooner reſtored to my

 health,

health, than I expected. I had already acquainted the King with the whole adventure, and his order to confine the Count and his brother-in-law moſt ſecurely was alſo executed. I ſaved through my evidence the old Count from the ſame fate, he imploring me in the moſt pathetic manner not to ſuſpect him, and confeſſing to me, that the Lord and his ſon had been ſome days at his ſeat, ſince ſome important ſums, which they expected, and which to them in their circumſtances were very needful, had obliged them to return after they had ſome days before carried Carolina to a cloiſter on the P— confines in ſecurity. The young Count, as ſoon as he had heard of my arrival, aſſured his father, that the laſt minute of my life or his was approached, and all the father's remonſtrances and entreaties had been in vain. However the old Count depending on his own prudence and watchfulneſs, to

prevent his ſon's cruelty, did not take any more diſadvantageous ſteps towards him; but he was deceived, as many were before him. This old unhappy Nobleman embraced me in the tendereſt manner and moiſtened me with his tears, when I left him. 'I feel, ſaid he, the 'puniſhment of heaven approaching to 'torment my age for thoſe cruelties, I 'have committed againſt you. I know 'that you are going to haſten the death 'of a ſon, whom I ſhall ſurvive, but to 'puniſh myſelf by the corroding remem-'brance of my being his murderer; for 'it is me, who has bred him up in that 'unhappy hatred, which is his miſ-'fortune and my own. We do not de-'ſerve any forgiveneſs from you; but 'did you know the torments of my ſoul; 'could you conceive, how much a father 'muſt feel even by the misfortune of a 'vicious ſon: you would be leſs ſevere 'againſt my tears; you would reſtore me a vil-

'a villain, whom your generoſity ſhould 'perhaps puniſh much heavier, than by 'death itſelf.'

My heart felt ſome compaſſion, and I had almoſt promiſed the old Count my enemies pardon, but revenge at once awakening in my breaſt, ſhewed me all the injuries, I had ſuffered, and repre-preſented Carolina to my thoughts, whom they had robbed me of, and whoſe tears, I ſaw, they had forced from her, my heart ſteeled itſelf againſt all the feelings of humanity.

I left the Count amidſt the ſighs, he vainly uttered, and which he, according to my judgment, had doubly deſerved, and my heart abandoned itſelf to the ſatisfaction of becoming revenged. But after all, what is more abſurd than that paſſion, which places men beneath the rank of beaſts? Can it retrieve that offence for

which one revenges one ſelf? What are its charms compared to the pleaſures, a generous man feels, who obliges his enemies through charity to embrace him as a friend, or who is ſenſible of the ſhame with which they accuſe themſelves of their crimes, whenſoever they perceive him, in caſe they are unworthy of being his friends? True as theſe principles are, they appeared to me in my, then preſent, condition quite falſe; for we never judge of things according to juſtice, if they are contrary to our paſſions, until they cannot prevent them any longer.

Worden received me on my return with his uſual friendſhip; he having fruitleſsly endeavoured to find me out and prevent my committing thoſe actions, for which virtue muſt needs bluſh. Report had already informed him of my late adventure, and his firſt queſtion was, 'what 'do you intend to do with the Count and 'his

'his brother-in-law?' I answered, 'to 'leave them to justice and their fate.'

He in vain endeavoured to obtain another answer from me. 'If you will not 'hear religion, then listen at least to the 'voice of glory; which will be more 'heroic, to stain all your merit with your 'cousin's blood and that of another villain, who as little as the former merits 'your vengeance, or to add to all your 'deserts, that which is the greatest, *viz.* 'to forgive enemies, who have offended 'you in the most sensible manner it is 'possible? Let yourself be moved by 'love, if you are deaf to glory! What 'else can the murderer of Carolina's husband and brother expect than contempt?' The austere morality of my friend displeased me, and I briefly assured him, that all was in vain, concealing myself afterwards as much as possible from the intreaties of his love to mankind.

The two priſoners trials came on in a few days, and being found guilty of wilful murder, and beſides the diſobedience againſt the King's will, concerning the marriage of the Counteſs Carolina, they were both informed of their being ordered to be ſoon executed, which the Count heard with an intrepid courage, aſſuring me, that, ſince his hatred was implacable againſt me, I had no reſt to expect but from his death. None of his crimes made him repent. Inconceivable obſtinacy in wickedneſs, to remain indifferent at the ſight of frightful eternity!

The Lord was juſt the reverſe of him; he became the meaneſt coward imaginable at the ſight of this danger, continually ſhedding a torrent of tears, curſing the Count, who had made him unhappy, begging his life of me in the moſt humiliant letters, and even offering to get his

his marriage cancelled, and cede me his right as Carolina's huſband. I deſpiſed his meanneſs as much, as I deteſted my couſin's hatred. It was not vengeance alone, which made me wiſh my enemies death, it was rather love; that tender paſſion became blood-thirſty, ſince it ſaw a probability of ſatisfying itſelf through cruelty; for it is capable of committing every thing, ſince it has ſuch power over us, as to make us do, what it pleaſes.

I ſaw an hope remaining to regain Carolina, if the union was diſſolved, which made her the Lady of the Lord, and though I knew ſhe had reaſon to hate me as the cauſe of her huſband's death and that of her brother, yet I was ſure, that neither the brother nor the huſband deſerved her love, and did leſs poſſeſs it. I thought ſhe would one time or other acknowledge my innocence; and part of that tenderneſs towards me, which I ima-

gined ſtill remained in her heart, made me hope it. In juſtification to myſelf I uſed to ſay, it was not me, who killed her huſband and brother, it was juſtice and their own crimes which doomed them to them. What can therefore prevent her from rewarding my love? Theſe flattering thoughts rendered all intreaties fruitleſs, which were offered to me for the life of that perſon, on whoſe death my whole happineſs depended.

In the mean time I learnt that Lady K— was arrived at court, whoſe father himſelf had fetched her from her former retreat. It was eaſy for me to gueſs the motive of her arrival, and ſhe was indeed the only perſon, who could poſſibly gain a reprieve for both priſoners. As willing as I ſhould have been at another time to have ſeen her after ſo many misfortunes, in order to condole with her our miſery, I nevertheleſs as carefully concealed myſelf

ſelf from her, in order not to be expoſed to the perſecutions of her intreaties. Carolina threw herſelf at her Monarch's feet, imploring from him her huſband's and brother's life. The King felt the power of her tears, and promiſed her his compaſſion and a better fortune, than the life of theſe two unworthy men could procure her.

She returned comfortleſs from the Monarch, pitied by all, even by the Sovereign himſelf, who aſſured me, that it had been an hard taſk for him to refuſe her prayers, ſaying; ſhe ſurely ſhould have ſucceeded on every other occaſion, even had it concerned my own perſon; but on this, it is yourſelf to whom I owe the juſtice of puniſhing vice. I plainly perceived by the King's confeſſion, that the life and death of both theſe unhappy criminals depended upon me. Why did not

not my revengeful heart think as nobly as this Prince?

There remained but one day before the appointed execution, which was both to appeaſe my love and revenge. I ſat alone in my apartment buried in reflection, and often ſaid to myſelf, 'wilt thou be happier after my enemies death, if Caro-'lina ſhould deſpiſe thee?' Here I was diſturbed by a ſcene, I little expected. The door opened, and the Count of P— and his daughter lay proſtrate at my feet, before I could prevent it. I trembled, when I raiſed her up, ſeeing that my revenge had now to undergo the ſevereſt trial, though this very paſſion was heightened through every look, with which I beheld my fair couſin.

How cruelly muſt her enemies have behaved againſt her! her cheeks, which had been in the greateſt bloom of youth, and her

her accompliſhed charms, were now thro' ſorrow profaned. I did not read in her eyes the languiſhing love, which ſo often-times had informed me of her tenderneſs, ſince they were now full of tears. Could I behold her, and pardon the author of her grief? Nevertheleſs ſhe requeſted it, whom I was unable to refuſe any thing.

'You are, my Lord, ſaid ſhe accoſt-
'coſting me, you are the only refuge,
'I have remaining after all my fruitleſs
'complaints, and from whom I have,
'however, the leaſt to expect; you have
'already been on another occaſion gene-
'rous to me, prove then, you can be now
'ſo in a greater degree; if my brother
'and the Lord do not merit their lives,
'grant it them alone for my ſake, ſince
'I ſurely do not deſerve to ſee them die
'with ſuch contempt and ignominy.'

I ſum-

'I ſummoned to my aid all my courage. 'What do you aſk me, dear couſin? the 'greateſt misfortune, nay even death it-'ſelf, and this is you, who deſires it; 'you, whom to adore and love, I was 'once permitted. Remember the ſuffer-'ings which your enemies and mine have 'occaſioned you; they merit death, ſince 'they have thoſe happy times.'—'Thoſe 'times, interrupted ſhe, are no more, 'and the preſent exact from both of us 'the duty of religion, which duty com-'mands you to forgive your enemies, 'and me to ſolicit it.' 'I will endea-'vour, replied I, to obtain a reprieve for 'your brother. Your huſband is more 'culpable, than him, ſince he has wound-'ed me in ſo villanous a manner.' Lady Carolina perceived the reaſon, why her huſband appeared more guilty in my eyes and anſwered; 'I am obliged to you for 'your kindneſs towards my brother, but

'I can-

'I cannot rejoice at it without ſeeing you 'as merciful towards my huſband. The 'knot being once faſtened, no matter 'through what means, I owe him the 'ſame duties, which that huſband could 'have required from me, my heart had 'elected; theſe duties I ſhall with equal 'rigor obſerve after his deceaſe, and im-'plore vengeance to fall upon him, who 'ever deprives me of him; but give me 'leave to talk more freely to you, pro-'ceeded ſhe with great ardor, do not 'promiſe yourſelf any thing elſe from 'my huſband's death, than my contempt.' The love, which I thought to perceive in this lady towards her huſband offended me, and I anſwered in the ſame tone; 'there is no reprieve poſſible for your huſ-'band, and he deſerves it as little as 'your love; heaven! you love thoſe, 'who laugh at your misfortunes, and 'torment that man, who is merely un-'happy, becauſe he loves you, ſtill more

'through

'through your hatred.' Her eye ſparkled in grief and anger. How eloquent! how urging did her paſſions render her! 'I ſee, ſaid ſhe, you want more 'ſacrifices, than my huſband and 'brother; you want my life too; take 'it, you have a right to revenge yourſelf 'on me, for I have been forced to rob 'you of the tenderneſs, I had promiſed 'you. Render my few remaining days 'ſtill more unhappy, than they already 'are; you will then at leaſt deſerve this 'glory, that a lady who could formerly 'look upon you as her friend, is now 'obliged to invoke aid againſt you as her 'tyrant. Alas! my Lord where are the 'ſenſations of compaſſion and love of 'mankind, which I formerly ſo often admired in you, and which you only ſeem 'to have forgot towards me. Compaſſionate my tears! You may—you muſt 'be ſo—!' How illuſtrious, how exalted was Carolina! I ſhed tears at her and my misfor-

misfortunes. She perceived them, and, tenderly closing my hand in her's, said to me; 'you are moved; the Count of 'P— cannot be cruel; he will restore to 'me my husband and my brother, and 'he will have a right to be proud of the 'glory, that he has revenged himself 'through generosity, mean time I shall 'rejoice, that he has been generous.' What could I do? I pronounced sentence over myself, condemning myself to misery, since Carolina desired it, which was enough for me to obey. 'The Count 'and your husband will both be obliged 'to you for all the sighs, which will ren-'der my future days melancholy. I 'comply with your prayers, and wish 'that I may be the only person, to whom 'this petition is grievous!' I saw Carolina moved at my words, heard her sigh, and left her, as I was unable to subdue my own grief.

How

How was my breaſt tormented by deſpair concerning the victory, Carolina had gained! I admired her virtue, the obſervance of her duty to her huſband, and immediately after I called this admired virtue, cruelty. 'Heaven! cried I, why 'doſt thou condemn virtue to ſuffer, 'and grant the deſires of vice, which 'only abuſes this compliance in order to 'commit freſh miſdemeanors? How 'happy ſhould I have been with Carolina 'and ſhe with me? what joys can ſhe 'promiſe herſelf in the arms of a vil-'lain?' I went to execute the moſt difficult of all my duties. I went in order to entreat the King's pardon for the Count and his brother-in-law. He was ſurprized at my petition, and commended the generoſity, with which I did it. Alas! he little knew, how dear I had paid for this commendation. I obtained the reprieve but under ſuch conditions, that the criminals

nals were not quite free from all punishment, and that I had no reason to be any longer afraid of any danger from them. The Count was ordered to leave the kingdom, and the castle of ——— was appointed for the Lord's banishment, wherein he enjoyed every blessing, but an unlimited liberty.

I now privately tried, whether I might expect any thing from Carolina, in case her marriage was declared null, but it was in vain, and therefore I concealed from her the mean conditions, on which her husband had endeavoured to save his life, in order to mitigate her grief. I myself delivered to her the King's reprieve, saying, 'Lord K— revenges himself on me in a more cruel manner, than 'if he had killed me; for after my death 'I should have been senseless to all the 'future sufferings, which now will accompany my miserable life.'

'Com-

'Comfort yourſelf, replied ſhe weep-
'ing, that you do not feel them alone,
'and that ſure rewards follow the trials
'of virtue.' I vainly intreated from her part of her former tenderneſs, 'Your
'intreaties, replied ſhe, offend me; for
'you know, that I cannot grant you any
'thing more than friendſhip; and you
'would deſpiſe me, could I promiſe you
'more. I have acted contrary to my
'own happineſs, added ſhe, ſince I have
'ſacrificed you to my jealouſy, and it is
'but juſt that I am puniſhed for it.'

The King required, that the Count and the Lord ſhould reconcile themſelves to me, and aſk my pardon; but I did not accept the latter. The former the Count performed with his uſual pride of character, whiſpering ſoftly to me, 'I will try,
'whether I can, out of acknowledgment
'to you for my life, ceaſe to hate you, if
'I ſhould

'I ſhould never be able to love you;' after which he was eſcorted by a ſtrong guard to the confines of the kingdom, where he obtained his liberty.

The Lord's acknowledgments for his life were the meaneſt, one could poſſibly expect from ſo ſervile a wretch, and I could but with the utmoſt conſtraint conceal the contempt, he merited. His unhappy lady, (who attended him to the caſtle, which was appointed for his abode, and who ſhared with him his impriſonment, though it was as mild as he could require it) received nothing in return for her affection but a thouſand ill treatments from him, he being as jealous of her as he was in his own deſires extravagant. What torments for her, who deſerved, through her exemplary patience and virtue, the admiration of all thoſe, who knew her, her huſband only excepted, who was as much hated as ſhe was beloved!

loved! At laſt providence pitied her, and dried up the tears, ſhe daily ſhed; but theſe happy times for her and myſelf, were as yet far diſtant, and many melancholy days elapſed, before we could enjoy the happy ones.

Lady K— departed with her huſband, in order to ſacrifice to her duty towards him her peace and ſatisfaction; however ſhe was not the only one unhappy; I was ſo as much as ſhe; my days glided away in complaints and murmurs againſt providence. How often times did I wiſh myſelf poſſeſſed of that happy indifference, with which I beheld ſo many courtiers firſt embrace the object of their love, and ſwear to it eternal conſtancy, then forget it as eaſily as they were forgotten.

Formerly I had called theſe fooliſh and indifferent ſenſations a vice and profanation of love; but real tenderneſs now appeared

peared a folly. 'Let us leave it, ſaid I 'to myſelf, to the fancy of Poets, as per-'fection of virtue is left to that of the 'moraliſts! A perſon is neither perfectly 'content in the world with the joys of 'tenderneſs, nor with the ſweets of vir-'tue; they render us generally unhappy. 'We ſigh, when we enjoy them, and he 'muſt ceaſe to be a man, who will en-'joy them without a ſigh.'

How often had I been convinced to the contrary, whenever I had coolly reflected on it! I fled in vain to my friend in order to find in his arms a refuge for my grief, but there I increaſed it. Each kiſs he gave his lady, each act of tenderneſs, by which ſhe rewarded it, wounded my heart. Why could I not at the ſame inſtant enjoy it from Carolina? I left my friend, ſince his repreſentations could not eaſe me, and ſought comfort in ſolitude; but the dignity, to which I was now exalted, did not ſuffer me to find it. Me-

lancholy preſent of honour! I for the firſt time felt its burden; ſcarce had I concealed myſelf for a moment in ſolitude, in order to find ſome alleviations from my grief, when the reſtleſs noiſe, which ſurrounded me, deprived me even of that wretched pleaſure, to ſigh in private; nay I had not the liberty to diſcover, what I felt; for they would rather have laughed at me, than pitied me. I was obliged to conceal my grief beneath a ſmile, in order to witneſs an hundred follies, which at that time were doubly tedious to me, and to take even ſometimes upon myſelf the character of folly.

Scarce was I at eaſe a few hours, ere a whole anti-chamber of ſuitors were in waiting. At length I appeared, and was deceived with a number of thoſe extravagancies, ſelf-intereſt imagines to flatter pride, and I was obliged to anſwer them by a multitude of others; one I had

had to congratulate, another to assure him my patronage, and all that with a friendly and free countenance, which frequently is the essential merit of a courtier, at the same time that my heart sighed under the load of grief and uneasiness.

My duty called me to the King, and I was forced to continue playing the hypocrite. The afternoon obliged me to be in companies, which were more insipid to me than all the rest, and nevertheless I must appear amidst them more ridiculous than any where else. Was I still to be envied amidst the croud of admirers; amidst true and false veneration, nay even amidst the favours of my King? and nevertheless I undoubtedly was the object of the envy of many a thousand, who were blinded by the gold and silver, with which I was covered, without perceiving the melancholy, which my heart felt amidst them.

Perhaps many of a lower condition wiſhed for my imaginary happineſs, when on the contrary, as often as I beheld the ſerene countenance of a contented citizen, I longed for it. Fooliſh prejudices of mankind! When will they learn to value the true greatneſs of honour and glory? Neither the ſtar on the cloaths of a miniſter, nor even the crown on the head of a King, are the true tokens of their happineſs. They are nothing, but an illuſion, by which men's eyes are prevented from penetrating into the ſecret feelings of their ſoul. Ye men! who envy him, that wears a crown, learn that he oftentimes is even for that reaſon unhappy, becauſe he wears it, and is greater than you. Ye! who are proud, that you poſſeſs it, dread trembling the hour, in which you would willingly exchange it for the condition of the loweſt of your admirers!

I ſought

I ſought another method to free myſelf from my uneaſineſs, in the diſſipations of the court. This remedy would have been perhaps more dangerous to another, than it was to me, who had learnt by my misfortunes to enjoy prudently the pleaſures of it. My more mature years, my grief, and the follies, I perceived in them, rendered them very inſupportable to me; I had no other advantage from them, than that I became every day more acquainted with the frailties of mankind.

My firſt refuge was to the fair ſex, for it having made me unhappy, I could juſtly claim a retaliation from it. But alas! all the charms of their company ſeemed to be loſt with Carolina, though I was perhaps the only ſplenetic perſon, who thought ſo! In three or four ladies of the firſt quality, I diſcovered in each

an extract of all the frailties of their ſex, without perceiving one ſingle virtue of it. Their follies pleaſed me a minute, and I grew immediately tired of them; but I will break off this relation out of reſpect to the fair.

My valet de chambre, who was not totally unacquainted with the ſource of my grief, thought love was the fitteſt remedy for freeing me from it, ſince it was the very ſame thing, which had plunged me into it, and propoſed to me a very pretty girl, whom I might keep as a miſtreſs, and with whom I could forget my grief; but the extravagancies of voluptuouſneſs having loſt all their charms, (though my heart was nevertheleſs very ſenſible of love, ſince it had only learnt the difference betwixt luſt and love) I upbraided him with his propoſal, and he excuſed himſelf with his pitying my melancholy condition; for which reaſon I the

I the ſooner forgave him, as I knew his inclination and honeſty towards me. However, a certain curioſity induced me, to ſee this girl, and he brought her guardian to me, who had himſelf offered her to him.

This villain aſſured me of her beauty, though he confeſſed to me, that at firſt ſhe might perhaps make ſome reſiſtance, but that ſhe would not prove long reluctant to my intreaties. He brought her privately to me, and I found that ſhe was formed to pleaſe, though her fair eyes loſt great part of their fire through the tears, ſhe ſhed. She but tremblingly approached me, and her guardian cruelly chid her for being melancholy; at which her virtue bluſhed, and I ordered him to leave us alone.

When he was gone, I aſked her, if ſhe would be mine, under the advantageous

condition, I had propoſed to her. 'I 'have been (replied ſhe in tears) brought 'up in plenty and all other conveniencies, 'and accuſtomed from my infancy to 'the duties of religion and virtue; judge 'therefore, how difficult a choice it muſt 'be to me betwixt ſhame and the utmoſt 'poverty. I am utterly undone, if you 'are not more generous than my guar-'dian.'

I promiſed her all protection, her virtue could expect. She was the daughter of a worthy merchant, who had become unfortunate, and had therefore by his death left her but ſome few hundred rix-dollars, which, to deprive her of, her unconſcionable guardian had not been aſhamed. The affluence, in which ſhe had always lived; the threats and flatteries of her guardian; the miſery, ſhe foreſaw, and the temptation of him, to whoſe ſacrifice ſhe had been devoted, would have

have undoubtedly deprived her of her virtue, and ſhe would by degrees from a miſtreſs have become a common whore, and then the moſt unhappy and wretched creature: however, I ſaved her from this dreadful abyſs, and put her into the company and under the inſpection of Mrs. Worden. For her guardian I appointed a place of correction, in which he might repent of his crimes under hard labour and puniſhment.

This young lady became ſome time after, the happineſs and joy of a ſenſible huſband, who might on the contrary, had ſhe fallen into the power of any other libertine at court, have become the deteſtation of virtue, and the ſcandal of her ſex. The pleaſure of having ſaved her, was the firſt, that I had been able to feel, ſince I had been torn from Carolina.

I now ſearched for a diſſipation of my grief in the converſation with men, ſince I had vainly looked for it among the fair ſex. This diſſipation ſhould in ſome meaſure eaſe my grief and for that reaſon I could not expect to find it in the aſſemblies of the court; for I ſhould have found nothing there, but extravagant pleaſures, converſations unworthy of my attention and affected courteſies, with which every one endeavoured to diſcover the other's ſecrets. The company, I wanted was that, which could render my mind more rational and conſequently my grief leſs ſenſible. I ſought the company of learned men, in order to find this advantage. My friend told me before hand the vanity of my endeavours, but was however kind enough to partake of my projected pleaſures. My table and houſe was now the rendezvous of all the renowned men, who adorned the kingdom by

by their wit and learning. Theſe great geniuſes ſcarce felt an obſcure repreſentation of the happineſs, they could hope for from me, when they recommended themſelves to my favour by the loweſt bows, and flatteringly attributed to me part of their moſt diſtinguiſhed ſciences. One day I enjoyed the company of philoſophers, giving them the preference to all other men of learning, believing they could make me wiſer; the next day was appointed for the witty and poets, who called themſelves inſtructors of an eaſy and merry life, and which was the moſt principal happineſs, which after wiſdom I wanted to poſſeſs; the remaining days were conſecrated to learned men of different kinds. I deſired to reap no other advantage from their converſation, than to gain a juſter notion of all the different ſciences; but I ſoon percieved, how much I was deceived in the choice of my friends and companies, diſcovering, that

learning is a no better protection againſt the frailties of mankind. For they poſſeſſed all the ſame paſſions, and ſometimes in a higher degree than other people, and conſequently behaved as fooliſh, if not more fooliſh than others. I obſerved in their characters as much pride, as they poſſeſſed flattery, and the moſt ignorant of them poſſeſſed always the greater ſhare of both. Every one had a God, whom he adored, and that was himſelf. Theſe philoſophers meaſured heaven and earth, ſpoke a language, which neither they themſelves, nor I underſtood, and numbered the ſundry part of inſects, which they could hardly ſee through a microſcope, and then perhaps ſaw it only in their fancy; but how to become a virtuous and rational man I heard but little talked of amongſt them; or if they ſet down ſome inſipid rules, they immediately contradicted themſelves by their behaviour. The moſt ſtupid among them called

led themſelves geniuſſes, and every one of them looked upon the other with an eye of compaſſion. Amongſt twenty philoſophers, each ſingly recommended to me his ſyſtem as truth itſelf, though there could be but one truth; and where was I to find it? I was often with theſe gentlemen in danger of ſeeing my apartment devoted to an obſtinate battle; if a perſon ſaid, one thing was round and the other circulate, a combat enſued. They began with obſcure ſyllogiſms, and ended in downright rudeneſs.

My witty geniuſſes and poets were no more rational, than they, though they were more conceited. People entertained the higheſt notion imaginable of a poet, if they heard them talk alone; but they conceived the meaneſt of them all, if they truſted to the opinion of the philoſophers, their moſt obſtinate enemies. Amongſt theſe exalted poets there was nothing heard

heard but of great, of ſprightly, of divine geniuſſes; of miracles in their age and the ſucceeding one. According to their judgment it was a greater maſterpiece of nature to form a good poet, than to form ten able miniſters of ſtate and wiſe rulers of their country. The one praiſed the other, in order to be praiſed from him again; every one of them already foreſaw his immortal glory, though I was at an age of fifty happy enough to ſurvive the moſt diſtant poſterity, which ſhould erect ſtatues in honour of theſe poets worthy aſhes, and ſome of theſe poets were ſo unhappy as to ſurvive along with me their own immortality of glory. They deſpiſed all, who could not write poems, and in acknowledgment thereof, they were as little valued by others. There were ſundry ſects among them, who hated each other as much as the ſects of Ali and Omar. They were angry with their country for being ſo ingrateful as not

not to reward their great merit of writing verſes; but as proud as they were they demeaned themſelves through their flattery. Could the poſterity have only promiſed itſelf an Horace or a Virgil from the poets of my country, it ſurely would have acknowledged me as a Mæcenas; for had I every day employed four and twenty hours in reading poems, which they dedicated to me, or had wrote upon me, I ſhould as yet never have done. Every hungry poet beſieged me and required his maintenance from me, and I ſurely ſhould have found myſelf in as pitiful a condition as they themſelves, had I complied with their deſires. I took refuge among ſome of the moſt renowned of them, who favoured me with their friendſhip, and ſarcaſtically aſked them, how nature could have been ſo laviſh in forming the poets, ſince it was ſo greedy in diſtributing great geniuſſes? they felt the reaſon, ability and veracity of my reproaches and procured

cured me through their ſatyrical pamphlets ſome eaſe from this unruly croud, thinking perhaps they ſhould moſt ſuffer by it, if I was any longer expoſed to the attacks of the whole poetic race, though I ſuppoſe the opportunity of writing a new pamphlet was undoubtedly another ſtrong motive for undertaking it.

I grew by degrees weary of my witty and unwitty friends, or to ſpeak plainer of my phyloſophical ones, reaping no further advantage from them, than the imperfection of human underſtanding from the latter, and the folly of human pride from the former. The other ſort of my learned friends had become much ſooner inſupportable to me. All the ſciences of which they were ſo proud left the heart free from its feelings, at leaſt my heart felt as little by explaining an old law, which was perhaps at the time, it was in vogue, taken in quite another ſenſe, as by

by ſhewing their great reading, in telling me out of what veſſels the ancients had drank their wine. I diſmiſſed one after another, and though they frowned at it, nay inveighed even more againſt me, than they formerly had praiſed me, I remained nevertheleſs as inſenſible to their inſults, as I had been before to their praiſe.

I complained to Mr. Worden of the little uſe of ſciences. 'What advantage 'ſaid I, can ariſe from them, ſince we 'can promiſe ourſelves ſo little benefit 'from the very ſame adorers of ſciences, 'who are the moſt intimately acquainted 'with them? Why are they ſuffered to 'take the firſt place among the know-'ledge, human underſtanding enriches 'itſelf with? Do they cauſe us to imbibe 'that eaſe, that reſignation of mind, and 'thoſe other virtues, which render our 'hearts noble, ourſelves in every condi-'tion happy, and our friends through

'our

'our converſation content and better? 'or can we obtain nothing elſe from them 'but a greater ſhare of pride, contempt 'of others, who are often our ſuperiors, 'and deceiving illuſion of falſe and ima-'ginary learning? And in caſe the latter 'aſſertion is true, have they not rendered 'our life more miſerable, in lieu whereof 'people exclaim, they render it happier? 'How much wiſer were our anceſtors 'amidſt their barbariſms, for which they 'are ſo frequently expoſed to our ridicule 'and contempt!'

My friend defended the ſciences; 'They yield us, ſaid he, all theſe vir-'tues, provided we endeavour to ſearch 'for them. Some may have penetrated 'through all the anti-chambers of the 'ſciences without having entered their 'inward ſanctuary; they muſt have ſome 'taſte of virtue, if they will arrive there. 'The nobler the mind, the more open

'is

'is the entrance to that ſanctuary; but
'where do you find ſuch exalted geniuſſes,
'which are really great and noble? Sure-
'ly not amongſt thoſe, who force them-
'ſelves upon you, and tell you, that
'they are great. The great, or what is
'all the ſame, the wiſe man will be
'ſearched for. Often times he is ignor-
'rant of his own value, and if he knows
'it, he is too modeſt to confeſs it; for
'ſince he muſt always be virtuous, with-
'out which none can be great, he is con-
'tent with his circumſtances; he makes
'ſhift without a thouſand follies, which
'are ſo needful to many, and he lives
'therefore always in plenty. Thus it
'happens, that he does not tire the great
'with trifling petitions of rendering him
'happy; and thus he lives in obſcurity
'ſcarcely known, and admired by a few
'friends, when in the mean time thoſe,
'who are the heralds of their own merit
'and ſciences, poſſeſs nothing elſe, but

'the

'the faults, he endeavours to eradicate 'from his breaſt. Learn from thence, 'deareſt friend, the true reaſon, why 'we have ſo few great men; not becauſe 'nature has greedily diſtributed them to 'us, but becauſe we are ſo careleſs as 'not to ſearch for and make uſe of them, 'and they become grey under their years 'of virtue and the ignorance of their 'own merit, while the fool, always bold, 'to pretend to what he is not, enjoys the 'reward, which belongs to them.'

I embraced my friend, and thanked providence, that it had given me in him that man, who was neceſſary for my peace and content, deprecating the injury, I had done him in ſearching amongſt ſtrange companies, for what I could only find in his own.

I frequently ſighed in private, that I was not ſo happy as he, though it only depended

depended on my own heart. He lived in the proudeſt tranquility of life, a man can wiſh for, and the Lord permitted him, after the trials of virtue, to enjoy its reward, though it was not quite undiſturbed, ſince he might have forgot his ſtill living in the world. The weakly condition of his lady diſturbed ſome times his peace, though it could not totally baniſh it from his breaſt. He had ordered all the money, which belonged to him in Italy, to be ſent to him to ———, for which he purchaſed an eſtate contiguous to mine.

In vain did I offer him a very important place at court; 'Allow me, replied 'he, to be inſenſible to honour. I de- 'ſire no other glory than that of an ho- 'neſt man and your friend, and I believe 'to be ſerviceable to the world without 'a public character, ſince I am a 'foreigner, and your countrymen have 'a better

'a better claim to the rewards of their 'country. For ſurely envy will have 'one opportunity leſs to ſlander me, if 'it does not perceive in me thoſe marks 'of honour, it believes its own due.'

Thus Mr. Worden lived contented on his eſtate, far from the noiſe of the court and from ſorrow, where he rendered himſelf more ſerviceable to the world, than thoſe who are amply paid for being advantageous to it; there he was the happineſs of his lady and friends; the protector of the oppreſſed, and the father of his ſervants and tenants. All diſputes ariſing round about his eſtate were left to his deciſion, and even that perſon againſt whom he decided, very ſeldom went quite away diſpleaſed. Inſtead of exacting with the utmoſt rigor the rents due to him, he remitted thoſe farmers rents, who caſually became unfortunate; and beſides gave them out of his own purſe as

as much as was requiſite to mend their circumſtances.

A good œconomy and a well placed generoſity put it in his power to be kind to all, who deſerved it. All his tenants, and the meaneſt of his ſervants, had free acceſs to him, in order to lay before him their complaints. 'Why, ſaid he, ſhould 'I refuſe them as their maſter that, which 'I ſhould thought juſt to claim from 'them, had fortune, who has made me 'their ſuperior, made me their ſervant?'

Whenever he heard of an excellent genius, who languiſhed under the load of neceſſity, he drew him out of his obſcurity, ſent him to a ſchool to be inſtructed in the duties of religion and the neceſſary ſciences, and brought him up in ſuch buſineſs, as he thought would be of any ſervice to the community. Several eminent men have by this method become

the

the ornament and happineſs of their country, who without the compaſſionate ſoul of my friend would perhaps have been beggars, then robbers, and thus the moſt unhappy and moſt obnoxious members to ſociety; ſo that by freeing the county of a villain, he added one to the number of its good ſubjects, and ſuch a ſubject having a progeny, he educated them in the ſame manner, he had been inſtructed himſelf.

What advantages might the country promiſe itſelf from them! and who was the primitive cauſe of theſe advantages? Could my friend render more important ſervices to community? However, it did not reward him with honour and wealth; they did not bow before him according to the degree of merit, he poſſeſſed, but according to the weight of gold and ſilver, he wore on his cloaths. He was unknown to all the world ſave to them, whoſe benefactor he was, and even theſe were

were oftentimes ſufficiently ingrateful to forget him. Had he applied his underſtanding to the ruin of the country, he ſerved, folly would nevertheleſs have erected for him ſtatues; had he impoſed upon the world with an appearance of learning, without being in the leaſt uſeful to it, how proudly would the hiſtorians have commanded this and the future age, to mention his name with veneration. Finally, had he been a fool, but apparently rich, he would every where have been praiſed, every where adored; but being virtuous, he was forgot, tho' he looked upon this oblivion as glorious to him. The applauſe of that Creator, who had formed him to become the happineſs of his neighbours, was more to him, than all the rewards of the world. In the moderate praiſe of one or two virtuous friends, he deſpiſed all the apotheoſes of a cringing mob, which would after or perhaps before him have exalted a fool

with the ſame extravagance. He was above their praiſe.

I owe to the memory of my Worden this little digreſſion; for even as my enemy, I muſt have allowed it him, would I hove been thought an honeſt man; but then how could I be his enemy!

Happy had I been, could I have imitated his example; but the vanity of deſires had ſtill too great a ſhare in my heart. I liked the falſe pomp of grandeur, tho' I knew it could not make me happy. I employed myſelf in an hundred different matters at court, in order to expel the grief, which inceſſantly attended me. I grew tired under their burthen, and when I wanted to reſt from them, I was tormented by the image of Carolina.

I ſought help from my friend, and found a freſh foe to my repoſe, his lady in

in his arms; I felt but too ſtrongly, that ſhe was perhaps the only perſon, who could ſuppreſs my grief, and nevertheleſs ſhe was unable to undertake it; the leaſt ſigh, which had betrayed to my friend the deſires, I could not every moment ſuppreſs, would have appeared to me as the moſt enormous crime. I ſtifled them as much as poſſible, and deeply locked up in my breaſt, the torments I endured; but his penetrating eye eſcaped nothing, he perceived them as he afterwards confeſſed to me at a more fortunate time, though he was ſo generous as to appear to have taken no notice of.

Mrs. Worden having either received a deſcription from her huſband of the true ſituation of my heart, or obſerved herſelf by that penetration, ſo eſſential to ladies, what ſhare ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed in mine, avoided me with the utmoſt circumſpection, as much as decency and our inti-

macy would permit her; (the only remedy, ſhe could apply for my cure, though ſuch a conſtraint would have perhaps appeared as diſagreeable to her as it was to me, had her huſband not been Mr. Worden.)

Heaven at laſt pitied my condition, and ſent me a freſh remedy againſt the uneaſineſs of my mind. Mr. Worden, who ſeldom exchanged the tranquil country life for the diſagreeable noiſe of the metropolis, viſited me at a time, I little expected him, and deſired me to ride with him immediately back; 'for, added 'he, you neglect every moment, you 'tarry, an happineſs, which you had no 'reaſon to flatter yourſelf with.'

His hurry and the joy, with which he urged me to follow him, made me imagine ſomething very extraordinary; I aſked him with the greateſt vivacity, 'whether

'whether Lord K— was dead?' 'No!' 'replied he ſmiling, he is on the contra-'ry quite recovered from his late ſick-'neſs.'

All the pleaſure, I had till now expected, vaniſhed, and he was even obliged to force me into the coach, where I ſat without the leaſt ſenſibility at the happineſs, he promiſed me. He was alſo miſchievous enough to inform me on the road of a number of trifling circumſtances relative to the Lord's health, which I did not deſire to be informed of, and concealed from me on the contrary the pleaſure, I ſhould really enjoy.

We arrived at his country ſeat, and I indifferently followed him into the beſt apartment, he poſſeſſed. Here two perſons ran to meet me amidſt their moſt joyful acclamations, and how ſurprized was I, when I knew them! They were

my dear Mr. F— and my poor Julia. What torrents of ſympathetic friendſhip flowed in our hearts! What joys, what careſſes, to meet each other! A number of confuſed queſtions opened at laſt our lips, and none was anſwered; my heart tore itſelf in theſe happy minutes from all the fetters, with which its unruly paſſion had chained it.

At one time, I hung round the neck of dear Mr. F—, whoſe grey hairs commenced rendering him venerable; at another, I diſcovered to Julia all the joy, I felt at her preſence. My friend Worden triumphed over the victory, which friendſhip now gained over love, and he at laſt quenched our too vehement agitations with the aſſurance, that I could enjoy every day my friends. 'They will 'ſtay with us; proceeded he, rejoice with 'me, dear Count, on the proſpect of

'pleaſures

'pleaſures, we may expect from their 'friendſhip.'

My late arrived friends confirmed to me this agreeable news, to which reſolution Mr. F— had been induced through mere friendſhip; he had diſengaged himſelf from the obligations to the young German Count, and came to me with a very moderate fortune, (though to a wiſe man as he was it was plenty) in order to end his remaining days in my company. During the time he had prepared for his return to Germany, he found an opportunity of being very ſerviceable to Julia in her unhappy fate.

Bigotry, which often demeans the moſt ſacred duties to the moſt infamous vices, raged moſt cruelly at that time in France. The reader will recollect, that Julia was an Huguenot; ſhe eſcaped with the utmoſt danger, and moſt part of her for-

tune the veil and Mr. F— perſuaded her with much trouble to accompany him to our country. Concerning theſe two lovely friends abode there happened a friendly diſpute between Mr. Worden and me, which Mr. F— decided in my favour, ſince I had a prior claim, and I made them both a preſent of that country ſeat, which was contiguous to Mrs. Worden's, the acceptance of which I could but with the utmoſt force induce them to receive, notwithſtanding I ſtrenuouſly repreſented to them the many obligations I was bound under to them in France. They went thither, and tranquility, joy and friendſhip rendered our ſmall tract of land the moſt pleaſant abode upon earth.

I was now as happy as I could poſſibly be in my then circumſtances, and began to bear my fate with more patience, which did no longer prevent the execution of my duties. The King's favour exalt-

exalted me to freſh dignities, I was unworthy of, and I felt the burthen of them amidſt the extacies, their external glare enchanted me with. 'Why do we de-'ſire to be great, ſince we cannot be ſo 'without becoming the more miſerable, 'the more our ſtation is exalted?' I ſacrificed all my ſtrength to the intereſt of my country, and I adviſed with Mr. F— about it, whoſe experience and ſciences were able to penetrate into the advantages of a country. How often did I tear myſelf from my friends, in order to work on a project, in order to promote the felicity of the people, I was appointed to take care of! How many times did I lay reſtleſs in bed, while thoſe, whoſe happineſs I had at heart, enjoyed the ſweets of repoſe! and what was the reward of all theſe labours; that the country, the cauſe of all my troubles hated me, that it gave me the title of an enemy to its happineſs, and that my enemies oftentimes prevented the

execution of the moſt advantageous deſigns, I had planned? A project, of which the people, ignorant as they are of all governmental ſecrets, could not before hand promiſe themſelves an happy iſſue, was the reaſon, which oftentimes expoſed me to the criticiſms of the people's meaneſt judgments, and which generated a number of calumnious pamphlets againſt me. I was once preſented with one of the ſevereſt of this kind, whoſe author was a poet, (one of my former friends) and which was received with the greateſt applauſe. I ordered the author to be arreſted and brought before me, who appeared as humble, as he had been before proud of his wit; he accuſed himſelf and pleaded his great neceſſity, which had obliged him to it. I gave him a ſmall penſion to prevent his writing in future at the expence of his neighbours honour, out of gratitude for which, he wrote a very learned poem in my commendation,

for

for which I again ordered him into my preſence, and threatened to deprive him of the penſion, if ever again he preſumed to praiſe me; theſe menaces were too affecting, than not to make him comply with my orders; but his fraternity were not ſo happy as he, for I merely puniſhed them by contempt without rewarding their villany.

All the concern of honour vaniſhed from me in my friend's arms, having weekly appointed ſome hours, which were totally devoted to them, wherein I was convinced, that human life was not ſo miſerable as it is frequently depicted. What joys! what unknown pleaſures may be enjoyed in the world, which for fools is ſo ſcanty of real felicities! but he who would enjoy them muſt render himſelf deſerving of them; they enchant us by love, they ſurround us by friends, they crowd upon us in an hundred different ways,

unknown to fools. The Creator of all has by no means rendered ſuch a glorious work of his power and mercy ſo miſerable and devoid of pleaſures, as we imagine; we render ourſelves unhappy by deſpiſing them. Be formed to friendſhip, and enjoy the poſſeſſion of a virtuous and faithful friend, whom you will never fail to poſſeſs, if you merit him! In his company alone you will be able to forget all the imperfections of life and your own miſery. The reader muſt pardon me this kind of enthuſiaſm, though to ſome it may appear ridiculous; for can I help it, if we have different opinions?

Our little ſociety was encreaſed by ſome worthy friends, to whom we imparted our happineſs, and every day expected us with freſh ſatisfaction; an entertainment, from whence magnificence and reſtraint were baniſhed with equal rigor; a friendly converſation not profaned by fools;

an

an innocent jeſt; even the jeers of our enemies at our intimacy, and many other inſtances, I cannot now recollect, were the ſource of our pleaſure. We enjoyed in the more agreeable ſeaſon of the year the joys of a country life, and in the winter the advantages of the town, without meddling with its follies. Happy life! ought I not to forget ſometimes in the enjoyment of it my melancholy recollections? yes! I often forgot them for ſome minutes; for reading every day ſatisfaction and joy in the countenances of my friends, could I be a friend to mankind and diſturb at the ſame time through my ſighs their tranquility? Mr. F— and Julia ſhared in all our diverſions; they had extremely well regulated their little œconomy in the country ſeat, I had preſented them with. Julia went by the name of Mrs. F— as the pretended widow of his brother, and ſtill deſerved that admiration, I had long before conferred upon

upon her. I never beheld her without ſighing and accuſing myſelf as the unhappy author of it. Melancholy ſituation for a man of virtue and honour! and ſince irretrievable obſtacles for ever ſeparated me from Carolina, it would not perhaps have been impracticable for me, once more to offer her that heart, as a ſatisfaction for the obligations, I owed her, had I not been undoubtedly aſſured, that ſhe would have refuſed me even had I wore a crown. She had a great number of inſincere and ſincere admirers, and ſhe pleaſed herſelf by ſeducing them from one folly to another without in the leaſt flattering the ſmalleſt of their wiſhes. 'This, ſaid ſhe often to me, is the only 'revenge, I will take upon a ſex, which 'has ſo ill treated me.' She was a lover of all thoſe ſciences, which heighten the value of a ſenſible lady, ſpending the moſt time of the forenoon in her ſmall, but well aſſorted, library, in which Mr. F—

F— improved her by his inſtructions, rendering her through his converſation wiſer, and in her paſſions more moderate; in acknowledgment for which, ſhe often expelled his frowns by her converſation, and rendered him thereby more agreeable to his friends.

Mr. F— at my requeſt occaſionally related to me the fate of the wretched Fanny, which he had purpoſely, till now, concealed from me, in order not to revive in my memory the moſt melancholy ſcene of my life. She was but ſlightly wounded by my piſtol, and the Duke diſcovering by this adventure, how artfully ſhe had impoſed upon him, diſcarded her and left her involved in the moſt poignant miſery, which induced her for a ſubſiſtence to become a common proſtitute, and ſoon afterwards felt the corroding conſequences of vice. Through an act of compaſſion ſhe was received into a wretched habitation

tion, where, abandoned by all, tormented by the heavieſt pains of ſickneſs, hated and curſed by herſelf, ſhe had leiſure to repent, on half rotten ſtraw, her enormous crimes. In this ſhocking condition ſhe heard of Mr. F—'s abode, and implored his aſſiſtance, which he did not refuſe her, though ſhe was unworthy of it; but in return, he made her give him ſome papers, which concerned me, and were then in her poſſeſſion; beſides which ſhe ſigned a certificate, in which ſhe ſurrendered up all right and pretenſion to me.

Death ſoon put a period to her wretched being, which ſhe ought to have rejoiced at, provided it was not the beginning of a more wretched one. I ſacrificed to the memory of this unhappy woman and my own folly ſome tears, and Mr. F— was not aſhamed to mix them with his. 'Let us, ſaid he, adore the

'juſtice

'juſtice of providence, and implore it, 'that it may have chaſtiſed this wretched 'woman before her death, in order to 'make her eternally happy!'

After this ſome years of my life ſerenely glided away in the company of my friends, and were only ſometimes diſturbed by a few ſighs, which eſcaped me for Carolina. The deceaſe of the old Count of P— was the only memorable adventure, which happened at that period. He was in the latter years of his life the ſad reſemblance of an old man, who could not find comfort and protection againſt the frailties of age in the fleeting years of his youth and manhood.

His youth had been dedicated to the extravagancies of its paſſions, and his riper years to diſſipations and too frequently to the vices of the court. What therefore could remain to him, when old,

but

but the ſad recollection of his paſt follies, and the proſpect of his preſent miſery! Oh! how happy is he, who in his autumnal years, can without bluſhing, review his juvenile days, and rejoice at them! but where is there ſuch an happy aged mortal?

The poor Count was a melancholy example of human greatneſs, when deprived of that glare, which commonly dazzles the eye of the public. His own miſconduct had baniſhed him to his country ſeat from court affairs and dignities, and conſequently in an inſtant loſt all, that had rendered him great in the opinion of the ignorant. He, who had been ſurrounded by a multiplicity of court flatterers and friends, when at the helm, had not in reſerve one ſingle friend, when he was compelled to confine himſelf in ſolitude. His anti-chambers formerly too ſmall for the croud of his ſervile admirers,

ers, were now become empty, and they remembered him only to rally his misfortunes.

Thoſe, who formerly gloried in having familiarly converſed with him at a time, he ſcarce thought him worthy to ſalute, now bluſhed, when they were told they had ever been acquainted with him; and from whence aroſe ſo great a change? From nothing but a ſingle frown of a Monarch; does it therefore deſerve the trouble of becoming a miniſter and proud? He expired in his daughter's arms and mine, without a reliſh for this preſent life and without joy for the future. He repeatedly before his deceaſe intreated our pardon for the injuries, by which he had diſturbed our repoſe; alas! could his repentance retrieve ſuch offences?

On this melancholy occaſion it was for the firſt time I ſaw Lady K—, ſince ſhe had

had obtained a reprieve for her unworthy huſband. I read in her countenance the grief, which poſſeſſed her heart, and it totally rekindled mine; we ſympathetically mourned, ſince we were not permitted to be tender. I could not refrain from complaining againſt her huſband, whoſe continual weakneſs had prevented his preſence, and unfortunately for me, I had the mortification to ſee him defended with the ſame ardor as if he had been the tendereſt lover. Not the leaſt dawn of comfort was allowed me, and we parted as unhappy as we were before.

Thoſe days however, which put a period to our ſighs, approached; Lord K— died of a conſumption (a diſtemper the juſtice of providence had inflicted upon him ever ſince his marriage) and his lady, who had been his conſtant companion during his confinement, obſerved her duty without intermiſſion with a rigor,

which

which even her enemies could not fail admiring. She repaid all the vexation, ſhe received from the odd temper of her huſband, with love, and he left her as a ſmall recompenſe for all the cruelties, with which he had perſecuted her, heireſs to all his eſtates, which were very important.

I ſhould have moſt ſenſibly offended Lady K—'s virtue, had I attempted, through my love, to diſſuade her from mourning the neceſſary time, decency and her duty required. She gave half of the property, ſhe inherited by the deceaſe of her huſband, to his relations, and retired to one of the eſtates, which appertained to her late father, where ſhe ſpent the time of mourning in ſolitude, almoſt free from all company. Here I waited on her, and her tears ſeemed to me very different from thoſe of moſt of our young widows, in whom, notwithſtanding the dex-

dexterity of the fair ſex in diſſimulation, we commonly diſcover their affectation.

If ſhe could not bewail the Lord as her tendereſt friend, her good-natured heart bewailed him as an huſband, who might have been happy, had he deſired it. I became for the firſt time the greateſt hypocrite upon earth, at the juncture it was my duty to condole her on her ſpouſe's death, according to the rules of decorum; and ſcarce was I able, notwithſtanding my utmoſt efforts, to conceal my joy. At laſt my heart was allowed freely to hope; after a time, it had thought an eternity, and I found more indifference towards the accompliſhing my wiſhes from the fair widow, than I had apprehended.

She put me off upwards of twelve months after the expiration of her mourning, before I was permitted to hope. The troubles, ſhe had undergone, ſeemed

to

to have rendered her inſenſible to all the real pleaſures of love; but ſhe was at laſt prevailed upon, either through my conſtancy and the intreaties of my friends, or perhaps through her own tenderneſs. The period, which once before appeared ſo nigh to me and ſoon vaniſhed, now re-appeared, and joined us in private. Our ſmall ſociety of friends were the only perſons, who through their mirth celebrated it with us. What an happineſs! We felt it more, the more precious it had become to us through our adverſities. Can I expreſs it? He, who is formed to love, will be more able to feel it, and who elſe ought to know it?

My paſt ſufferings now appeared to me but trifling, in compariſon to the extacies, I had to expect; I admired the bounty of providence in forming the nature of our happineſs and misfortunes. We forget our melancholy days as ſoon as they

are

are cleared by a ray of hope and joy, and on the contrary, there even remains in our misfortunes a pleasant remembrance of the happy days, we have enjoyed. I was however still foolish enough not to measure the duration of my present happiness, in spite of my experience, according to its natural inconstancy, but measured it according to its increase, in which at a distance, I beheld it. Heaven punished me for my folly, and made the very thing, which I considered as the foundation of my whole happiness, a source of many future pains.

I am now going to relate one of the most melancholy adventures of my life, which at length has the most strongly convinced me of the vanity of all human pleasures, and has brought me to that happy solitude, where I first learnt reason and content on the approaching evening of my life.

Some

Some years I undiſturbedly felt, that all human joys were ſmall in compariſon to love, when joined to virtue and real tenderneſs; but I was deſtined to experience, that even the pureſt love has its melancholy hours. That dear lady, who wiſhed my own happineſs more, than her own, and who was the only felicity, I hoped for, was the cauſe of all my freſh complaints. I already had perceived ſome reſtraint in her friendſhip towards Julia and Mrs. Worden. However, I aſcribed it to the caprice of our heart, which it commonly uſes in the choice of our friends. A freſh misfortune forboded, what would deſtroy the tranquility of our ſmall ſociety.

One evening we enjoyed the uſual pleaſures of friendſhip, and Mr. F— was preſent, ſeemingly more healthy and lively than any of us, though he was by far the

eldeſt. He ſat near me, and ſqueezing my hand on a ſudden, I was frightened, eſpecially on ſeeing him that inſtant ſink down from his chair. He expired in a few minutes after, he had firſt of all through want of ſpeech taken leave of us by a ſignal of his hand, with the ſame ſerene countenance, we wear returning from a viſit at one of our friends, at whoſe treatment we have been pleaſed.

We ſincerely regretted his loſs, and wiſhed to end our days as happy as he did. I even found reaſon, after his deceaſe, to admire the greatneſs of his ſoul; for I diſcovered among his papers a will, which he had written a long time before, and altered according to the variation of his circumſtances: the major part of his fortune he left to a youth, ſon to the farmer of the eſtate, on which he lived, whom he had endeavoured to educate, and ſaw his pains not fruitleſs; the ſhare

of

of the eſtate, which I had given to him and Julia, he bequeathed, with my conſent, to her. But I would not ſuffer her to remain there without company, and propoſed to my lady, to take her to us. It was at the ſame time my deſign to acquaint my lady more with the good qualities of Julia, and make her more intimate with her. The ſecret affairs I had formerly had with this lady being totally unknown to mine, and all the reſt of my friends, ſave Mr. Worden.

She was always thought a relation of Mr. F—'s, and I could therefore venture this propoſal to my lady without danger, which ſhe received with all the good nature, ſhe always expreſſed herſelf by, agreeable to my will. Julia objected to change her happy retirement for the noiſe of the town, but how could ſhe refuſe me any thing? I ſpent all my leiſure

hours in the company of Julia and my lady.

Julia was ſtill as ſprightly as in her youth, though more rational, and I hoped, that through her vivacity, ſhe would enliven my lady, who had but a ſmall ſhare of it; however I found to the contrary. The more lively Julia was, the more ſilent became Carolina, and it frequently put her ſerious temper into a kind of peeviſhneſs. The pleaſures of the court and town began to be tedious to her, which, together with ſome ſickneſs, I perceived in myſelf, induced me to exchange the town for the country.

I had here more leiſure and more opportunity to obſerve my lady, and I was aſtoniſhed at a freſh diſcovery, I very ſoon made; for ſome times I perceived a little reſtraint in the careſſes, ſhe laviſhed on me, and even a kind of ſecret grief did

did not eſcape me, when I unexpectedly ſurprized her. What trouble to my heart, to ſee that lady melancholy, whom I ſtudied every moment to pleaſe!

I preſſed Carolina by the moſt fervent intreaties, to diſcover to me the true motive of her uneaſineſs, but ſhe ſummoned all her diſſimulation to her aid, in order to perſuade me, I was miſtaken; however, I perceived, alas! too well, that ſhe was not ſincere, and I endeavoured to find out the cauſe of her grief. It was with me, as it is with other people, who want to pry into the condition of hearts and are not able to find out their own; I ſuſpected her brother, who was gone into the army, to be the cauſe of her ſorrow, and I gave myſelf the utmoſt trouble, to obtain leave for him to return to his country, ſince I thought it the only remedy to eaſe his ſiſter, which he obſtinately refuſed without deigning to ſend

an anſwer to me or my lady, whoſe marriage we had acquainted him with; however, I ſent him every year his dividend of the revenues accruing from his father's eſtate, and beſides greatly increaſed it, in order to pleaſe my lady.

But a number of circumſtances ſoon convinced me, that her brother's abſence was not the cauſe of her frequent ſighs and grief; her melancholy increaſed every day, and ſo did my troubles. I made Julia my confidant, and diſcloſed to her all my complaints; and thus I ſpent many hours with her ſighing at my lady's conſtraint. She wanted to comfort me, but what could ſhe alledge, ſince ſhe was herſelf a witneſs of the reſtraint of Carolina's tenderneſs? I made uſe of Julia to diſcover the ſecret of her heart, which coſt me ſo much pain, and ſhe ſpared no trouble in obliging me, uſing her natural arms, jeſting and raillery, to combat my lady's

lady's grief, but ſhe ſucceeded very ill; the heart ſhe attacked was but the more enraged, and could hardly conceal its ſenſibility from Julia.

Mr. Worden and his lady viſited me under theſe unhappy circumſtances, and having hitherto concealed from my friend, why my former ſerene days were changed into perpetual night, I made no ſcruple to inform him of the whole, though his compaſſion ſeemed not to be adequate to the extreme of my grief, chiefly aſcribing my complaints to a too elevated imagination of love. I ſoon diſcovered in his lady's countenance ſome ſymptoms of a freſh ſecret, which likewiſe appeared diſadvantageous to me, and ſhe being leſs experienced in the art of diſſimulation, than the reſt of her ſex, concealed very badly a coolneſs towards me, not unlike a kind of contempt. All my endeavours were fruitleſs, to diſcover

this freſh ſecret, and till now I felt the leaſt of the pains, which adverſe fate had prepared for me. The ſtrict attention, with which I obſerved the leaſt motion of my lady, ſpread in my heart the ſeed of ſuſpicion, which I would have thought impoſſible at any other time, but the preſent.

I perceived that Carolina was much eaſier in Mr. Worden's company, than otherwiſe, and my friend ſtrove with all poſſible courteſy to diſſipate her grief; through which method he commonly ſucceeded. This diſcovery led me to many others; I heard that my lady was very often in private with Mr. Worden, and that their converſations were very ſecret. My heart felt conjectures, at which it trembled, and was aſhamed to recollect them. I counted over all the convincing proofs, I had received from Worden's virtue and friendſhip; but alas! my once

wounded

wounded heart perceived on the other hand with terror all the power, with which love has often triumphed over virtue and friendſhip. An hundred trifling circumſtances entered into my mind, which I imagined, I had long ago forgot; for how ingenious does our heart become in ſeeking pains to vex us! I even recollected the mereſt trifles, ſuch as how extravagant Mr. Worden at one time had been in Carolina's praiſe, and with what ardor he had diſſuaded me from this marriage. However I did him ſo much juſtice, that I determined, not to liſten to my ſuſpicions, till I had ſtronger reaſons for them, which the perpetual foe to my eaſe and felicity, my own heart, ſoon procured me.

One afternoon I obſerved Mr. Worden walking with my lady in the garden, which he had frequently done without my being ſuſpicious; but now I became ſo.

I ſoftly followed them, and found them in a ſummer houſe at the end of a remote alley; but their converſation was too private for me, to hear any more, than the frequent mention of my name. Worden entreated with ſome ardor and my lady anſwered by ſighs. This was all, I heard. I entered the ſummer houſe with a countenance, on which all the agitations of my heart were diſplayed, and I could ſcarce reſtrain myſelf from open reproaches. They could not fail perceiving my uneaſineſs, and perhaps that moment might have diſſolved the unhappy anxiety, in which we were, had either ventured to diſcover to the other his thoughts. The ſecrecy, with which we conceal our uneaſineſs, is frequently the only reaſon of it. I thought to read convincing proofs of their crimes in both my friend and my lady's countenances. I perceived, they did not expect my preſence; I diſcovered their aſtoniſhment, and thus perplexed we re-

retired to our different apartments after a ſhort and reſerved converſation.

I no longer doubted my friend's and my lady's perfidiouſneſs, and I thought, I could explain all that had hitherto been inconceivable to me. My lady's frequent ſighs were forced from her by the reproaches, which her remaining virtue attacked her with for her inconſtancy. I knew her too well, than to imagine, ſhe could be vicious without feeling a remorſe of guilt. To what elſe could I impute my friend's indifference, whene'er I complained, than that he knew the reaſon of my trouble and triumphed in it? even Mrs. Worden's coolneſs towards me was no longer a myſtery. Did I not deſerve it, ſince I alone was blind to the injuries offered me, and patiently overlooked the greateſt intimacies of my perjured lady with my ſtill more perfidious friend? I informed Julia, that I had now diſcovered

the real ſource of my misfortune; but notwithſtanding the ſtrongeſt proofs, ſhe would not believe me, though ſhe could not convince me to the contrary.

My friend returned after ſome days to his country ſeat, and this was the firſt time, I felt any eaſe at his abſence. I obſerved on his taking leave ſome myſterious ſpeeches, which my ſuſpicion explained as it was moſt advantageous to itſelf. My lady ſeemed more melancholy, than uſual, when he left us, and ſhe had the next day after his departure a more vehement fit of her caprice, than ever; nay it even went ſo far as to be entirely indifferent towards me. I rode out on horſeback, attended only by my melancholy thoughts, and perceived one of my ſervants, who wanted to conceal himſelf from me. Every thing now became ſuſpicious to me. He was confuſed at my queſtions; I threatened and he gave me

me a letter from my lady, which he was ordered to carry unknown to me to Mr. Worden. There was nothing in the billet doux but the following words: 'I am 'wholly undone! nobody but yourſelf 'can eaſe me. Come this minute to 'comfort me.' I cloſed the letter again and purchaſed my ſervant's ſecrecy by a ſum of money, who carried the letter to Mr. Worden and brought me his anſwer. He excuſed himſelf in it, from obeying her orders by alledging, that his ſudden arrival would but encreaſe the uneaſineſs, he had already perceived in me, and entreated her to be eaſy, ſince in a ſhort time he would render her quite happy, adviſing her at the ſame time to find out a poſſibility of taking a walk without me and Julia to a place, he had appointed, and he would, as per chance, meet her, where ſhe might rely on all aſſiſtance from his love and friendſhip. Carolina received his anſwer and immediately put

Mr.

Mr. Worden's project into execution, pretending to visit her cousin. I could have frustrated her whole design by telling Julia to accompany her; but I had my reasons, why I did not. She rode away and I followed her some time after in order to surprize her with her lover; but I came too late. She met me on her return. How joyful, how tender did she behave! she offered to circle me within her arms; but how was she surprized and frightened at my indifference! I detested her more for her insincerity, than for her perfidiousness; she entreated from me the cause of my grief, but I had not the power over my heart to discover it to her. I pretended business at court, enquired concerning her visit, and she omitted an explanation of it by very frivolous excuses. Is it possible for me to describe the despairing situation of my heart? Every thing convinced me, that two persons, who had been the sole comfort of

my

my life, were become my moſt cruel enemies. In the exceſs of my paſſion I curſed the day, Mr. Worden became my friend, and that hour, but a ſhort time before I would not have exchanged for an earthly crown, (I mean the hour in which I was united to Carolina.) What blindneſs! how little does our heart know, that what it bleſſes to day, it may curſe to-morrow as the ſource of endleſs ſufferings. All, that I had hitherto ſuffered, was nothing in compariſon to what I now felt. I often reſolved, not to conceal any longer the grief, which preyed upon my heart, and immediately afterwards was aſhamed, that I had thought on it. But I was deſtined for ſtill greater miſery. That very evening I received an order from court to ſet out immediately for the army, which encamped on the frontiers of ———, and to wait there for the King, who was to follow me in a few days. What a torment, to leave my lady

and

and my friend in ſuch a ſituation! I muſt inſtantly obey, and I took my leave of both with a tolerable grace. My lady's grief would have moved me, had I not already known the addreſs of the ſex, which can be in as great a degree melancholy as it pleaſes. I left Julia behind me as my confidant and correſpondent.

The terror of war now appeared to me but half ſo cruel as it really was. I thought all men criminals, becauſe I believed myſelf offended by ſome, and therefore I conſidered war as a puniſhment for their crimes. I deſpiſed my life and reſolved to ſacrifice it in the firſt battle, in order to gain through deſpair the name of an hero. The moſt part of our former heroes became ſo through this method.

Soon after the King's arrival there happened one of the moſt bloody battles; I became the more blood-thirſty, the more men

men I ſaw fall by my hands and thoſe of my ſoldiers, though they had not in the leaſt offended me. I perceived a number of ſuch guiltleſs ſacrifices of ambition and ſelf intereſt laying diſmembered around me, and the clamour, with which they accuſed thoſe, who had purchaſed with their blood the ſatisfaction of their paſſions, recalled humanity to my ſoul. We had put to flight a regiment of the enemies, and one of my dragoons was juſt going to cleave the ſkull of a very young agreeable officer of the enemy, when I ſaved him. He ſurrendered himſelf as my priſoner, and I retired with him ſome ſteps from the battle, where I had been almoſt defeated, though conquerer. I was purſued by an officer of the hoſtile camp, who firing at me, ſaid; 'At length I have however the pleaſure of being revenged.' By his voice I knew him to be the Count of P—. My priſonner took one of my piſtols out of my holſter and kil-

killed my enemy, before I could prepare myſelf for firing, and I came to him juſt as he was departing, who even in his laſt looks expreſſed his contempt for me.

Our army obtained the victory, and the King could not forbear ſhedding tears, when he perceived on either ſide the deſtructive conſequences of war. With all the marks of royal compaſſion this Monarch exclaimed: 'I am innocent of 'your blood; would to God I could re-'ſtore you all your lives!' I ſhall paſs over in ſilence this ſcene of horror and cruelty, in order to conceal the guilt of human kind.

The next day my young priſoner viſited me, and ſaid accoſting me: 'ſince 'through acknowledgment for my life 'and an inconceivable deſire of preſerving 'yours, I yeſterday killed an officer of 'our army, and find thereby my future ſafety

'ſafety uncertain, I humbly crave your 'leave to ſolicit a commiſſion in your's.' I was pleaſed, I had it in my power to oblige him, and immediately gave him a company in my regiment. My gallant behaviour in the field gained me the honourable name of courageous, though it was really the fruit of deſpair. How injuſtly do we miſtake the real ſource of great men's actions!

If any remedy was left to ſoften the deſpair, which I daily felt, it was the letters, I received from my lady, Worden and Julia. The firſt were full of love, and the others full of all poſſible arguments, which could convince me of the vanity of my ſuſpicions; but alas! how difficult was the cure of my heart, after it had received ſo many wounds! The war did not laſt as long as was expected, for the King, rather than to ſhed any more blood, yielded up ſome trifling claims; and

and I attended his Majeſty back to his metropolis, whither I took my young officer, who called himſelf Aubignac.

My arrival was celebrated by an univerſal joy, and I found my lady as tender, and my friends as ſincere as ever. I reproached myſelf for my ſuſpicions, and bluſhed at the thought of having been able to conceive them.

Mr. D'Aubignac did not neglect a day waiting on me, and he ſoon gained the eſteem of my friends, through his good qualifications. He was one of thoſe perſons, who at firſt ſight know, how to gain our eſteem, and we ſoon admitted him into our ſociety, to which merit alone entitled him, notwithſtanding his age and dignity denied him admittance. He was but twenty years old, though it was very apparent, he was acquainted with the world; and he poſſeſſed beſides a greater ſhare

ſhare of learning, than is commonly met with among officers, which had been the fruit of his juvenile years. He had been deſigned for the gown; but his ſprightly mind had found too little taſte in divinity, and therefore eſcaped from the cloiſter; ſince which his fate had wonderfully led him through the world, until he had entered the —— army. He poſſeſſed a number of amiable qualifications, which were the more admired, the longer one knew him. He pleaſed the fair ſex by his wit, the male ſex through his underſtanding, and all who knew him through his good nature. However, he poſſeſſed ſome vices as great as his perfections, being ſo very paſſionate, that in a moment's time, he, from the moſt amiable man, degenerated into the moſt diſagreeable one imaginable, and was in the heat of his anger capable of forgetting his friends, duty and every thing. He repented his extravagancies with the ſame

levity,

levity, he had committed them, but commonly his repentance was too late. His paſſion was finally the ſource of his ruin, and of thoſe pains, which even now at times diſturb my moſt ſerene days. His other fault was a too great regard for the principles of natural religion, which were oftentimes falſe, and which was more to be aſcribed to his education, than to his heart; for having too much ſenſe, to follow that religion, in which he had been inſtructed, it happened to him as to other great geniuſſes, who are born in it; ſince he ſhould believe too much of religion, he believed nothing at all, whereby he was at the ſame time deſtitute of the principal remedy to ſubdue his moſt dangerous paſſion; though his heart and underſtanding convinced me, that he would have mended this fault, had he lived longer; but alas! his deplorable fate was ſcarce a few ſteps diſtant from him.

The

The tranquility, I had enjoyed for ſome weeks, made me hope, it would laſt for ever; but it was only the meſſenger of an heavier ſtorm, than the precedent. Julia fell dangerouſly ſick, and I now becoming ſenſible, how much I valued her, thought, I could not render her too many ſervices of friendſhip and eſteem. I ſat whole hours by her bed, and read to her, according to her deſire, ſome paſſages from good authors.

She received her medicines from my hands, and I watched her ſome times the whole night. Nobody imitated my ardor with more zeal, or ſtrove rather to excel it, than the Captain, by which name I ſhall in future call the young officer, Mr. D'Aubignac. He ſat melancholy by her bed ſide, and his behaviour towards me was more reſtraining than before. Each friendly look I received from

from Julia was a torment for him, and as diſſimulation was not a principal part of his heart, I read in his looks, that he loved Julia, and that he looked upon me as his too happy rival; but it was not then the time for jeſting with his paſſion.

In the continual uncertainty I was in, concerning Julia's illneſs, I forgot to obſerve my lady's condition of mind; but how frightened was I, when, opening my eyes on a ſudden, I perceived her buried in the deepeſt melancholy, which had reduced her to the reſemblance of a ſhadow. The more I endeavoured to diſcover the motives of her grief, the more ſhe concealed them from me, and Julia mended in compariſon, as my lady grew worſe.

One morning, when I returned from court, I did not find my lady, and was told, that ſhe was gone to her country ſeat.

ſeat. Aſtoniſhed as I was at ſuch behaviour, I immediately haſtened to the place, ſhe had retired to, it being not far diſtant from town, and I heard, that ſhe had locked herſelf up in her apartment. I was ſo incenſed, that I was going to return to town without ſeeing her, when I was ſtopped by Mrs. Worden, who intreated me to follow her to an adjacent apartment.

Here ſhe loaded me according to her natural vehemency with a number of reproaches, which were all ſo many myſteries to me. After a tedious multitude of queſtions, ſhe unriddled the ſecret. My lady was torn away by the force of jealouſy, and Julia and I were the objects of her paſſion; nay I was even, according to Mrs. Worden's opinion, thought guilty, and after many aſſertions of my innocence, obtained firſt from Mrs. Worden an explanation, how this unhappy poiſon had

by degrees insinuated itself into my lady's heart. I will immediately insert it, as I have since heard it more perfectly from my friend, Mr. Worden's relation.

Her heart nourished the seed of suspicion ever since our marriage. Julia had been always disagreeable to her, and the death of Mr. F— accomplished it; for since this unhappy period, Julia had apartments near ours to the utmost uneasiness of my lady. However, she had not the courage to oppose my proposal of taking her to us, and soon invented herself means, to nourish the flame, which fed upon her. Every jest betwixt Julia and me increased her suspicion, and she at last made Mr. Worden the confidant of her complaints. This honest friend strove to cure her uneasiness without disturbing my ease by such a discovery; but the complaints of my lady appeared to him not quite groundless.

He

He knew, I had formerly loved Julia, and he knew, how eaſy it was for mankind, to relapſe into their former frailties. The pains, he underwent to make my lady and myſelf happy, were the cauſe of his frequent private converſations with her, and his virtue received for it its cuſtomary reward,—to be hated by him, to whom it is diſadvantageous.

My lady's grief could not remain totally concealed from Mrs. Worden, and ſhe, as a lady, ſuſpected me more guilty, than my friend; for which reaſon ſhe believed, I deſerved her contempt. Once my lady found my picture in Julia's cloſet, and I remember, that ſhe miſſed it ſome time after; Carolina took it away, and no longer doubted of her utter miſery. This accident occaſioned the billet-doux to Mr. Worden, at whoſe arrival ſhe ſhewed him the picture; but my friend ſucceeded in diſſipating her grief,

perſuading her that Julia had received it from Mr. F—, though he knew, that ſhe had obtained it from me in France.

My lady returned, quite compoſed, from Mr. Worden's, and departure leſſened her grief, ſince ſhe did not ſee me any longer with an happy rival; but Julia's illneſs renewed her paſſion, ſeeing my ardor and apprehenſion for Julia's health with a concern, which put her almoſt into the ſame condition. I ſometimes ſtaid, as I ſaid before, very late in the night with Julia, and Carolina, the night before her retirement, went ſoftly into it, where ſhe perceived me, ſunk down on this lady's bed, overcome by ſleep, and Julia's arm accidentally on my breaſt; and unable any longer to conceal her trouble, ſhe retired into the country, where ſhe ſent for my friend, who for a ſlight indiſpoſition bade his lady go and bring her to him.

All

All the miſts now vaniſhed from my eyes. I ſaw, how injuſtly I had offended my friend, through ſuſpicion, and I even could not totally condemn my lady's jealouſy, though I was innocent. My too ardent ſervices to Julia were really tormenting to an heart, which wanted to be loved in the ſame degree as it did love; but ſince I was ignorant of this, my lady's dangerous paſſion, how could I fear, that ſhe would become jealous of the duties of friendſhip and love to mankind! As I was the aggreſſor, I thought it my duty to make the firſt ſtep towards re-eſtabliſhing our tranquility. I went to my lady and found her immerſed in tears; the tender reproaches for her jealouſy, and the reſiſtleſs proofs of my pure love, which I alledged, moved her heart; ſhe was aſhamed of her weakneſs, and concealed her bluſhes in my boſom. How enchanting was the reconciliation love

made us ſenſible of? I intreated her to command the fate of Julia and mine; but ſhe was too nobly minded to deſire the leaſt thing contrary to Julia's honour or repoſe, nay ſhe even intreated me to conceal from her the folly of her heart.

I took ſuch meaſures, that my lady could not be diſturbed any longer on Julia's account, ſending Mrs. Worden to Julia, in order to excuſe my not being able to ſee her for ſome days; after which I viſited her but in my lady's company, and when ſhe was quite recovered, I adviſed with Mr. Worden in order to intreat her to ſpend ſome time at his country ſeat, to which ſhe conſented, and completely put it in my power to reſtore my lady's tranquility, without diſturbing Julia's repoſe.

I wanted to complete this peaceful ſtate of my lady as much as poſſible, and at the

the ſame time to render Julia happy, ſince both deſerved it; but I invented, alas! the moſt unhappy project, I could think on; though I conſidered it at that time as a ſource of my beſt friend's happineſs and my own. I was acquainted with the ſecret wiſhes of the Captain; he loved Julia, for each look betrayed it. She poſſeſſed at an age of ſix and thirty a perſon, which would have ſubdued a more obſtinate enemy, than the Captain. What an happineſs their marriage ſeemed to me! I ſhould have rendered Julia, my lady, the Captain and myſelf all at once happy.

The diſparity of age was no objection to me, ſince it was not ſo great, that love could not ſoon remove it. The Captain had merit, which put him much above his age; he would have made an happy wife of Julia, and ſhe a more moderate and virtuous man of him. How rejoiced

was I, when I viewed ſo many happy proſpects! I offered to reſign my regiment to the Captain, and as it was quartered in the moſt diſtant frontiers in the kingdom, he would have taken his lady with him, and thus delivered mine from the object of her jealouſy; for as long as ſhe lived at Mr. Worden's, I was frequently obliged to ſee her, and how probable was it, that one ſingle look might cauſe my lady to relapſe into her unhappy paſſion. The moſt difficult part was to diſcover, whether Julia's heart was capable of tenderneſs for the Captain: I adviſed with Mr. Worden concerning my project, and gained his approbation.

One morning I called the Captain to me in the cloſet, and inquired, how far he had ſucceeded in his paſſion towards Julia? My queſtion confounded him. At laſt he confeſſed to me, that he loved her, but added, (caſting a diſtruſtful look on

on me) that Julia perhaps had no heart to give away. I reproached him for his ſuſpicion, eaſily gueſſed the reaſon, and promiſed to employ the utmoſt in my power to make him happy. I had the pleaſure of perceiving in him all the extacies of an hoping lover. At the firſt private converſation with Julia, I confeſſed to her, that I had reaſons to believe the Captain was not totally indifferent to her, and I learnt, what I wanted to know.

She received my confeſſion with all the anger and contempt of an offended lady, whoſe ſecret we have diſcovered. She made an hundred diſadvantageous reflections on the poor Captain, and each of them was a proof, that he was beloved; nay ſhe even forbade him to ſee her. The unhappy lover lamented his fate, though I foreſaw, that it was tending to make him happy, and he took refuge in epiſto-

lary correſpondence, ſince verbal complaints were forbidden him. Mr. Worden once unexpectedly entered Julia's apartment, who had ſome papers before her, which ſhe wanted to conceal; but he knowing the Captain's hand writing began to jeer her with it, and ſhe defended herſelf in the utmoſt confuſion.

I was now totally convinced, that my choice was not at all diſagreeable to Julia, though pride or ſome other foible of her ſex, prevented her explanation. I therefore eſpouſed the lover's cauſe, repreſented to her this marriage in the moſt advantageous light, and even intreated it from her as a favour. With much ado ſhe at laſt confeſſed, ſhe had ſome ſmall regard for him, but made me recollect at the ſame time the diſparity of their age, and her unhappy condition. I alledged all poſſible arguments againſt her doubts, and her heart had perhaps the greateſt

ſhare

ſhare in the ſucceſsful impreſſion of them; my friends ſupported my repreſentations and the Captain's intreaties by theirs. Could ſhe remain invincible againſt the league of her own tenderneſs, love and friendſhip?

Happy lover! he obtained leave to embrace his dear object, and with what tenderneſs did he perform it! Julia caſt upon me, during his embraces, a ſignificant look, while her riſing bluſhes betrayed her ſhame. My heart underſtood it and ſighed; the Captain obſerved it, and it ſtrengthened the unhappy miſtake, under which his heart had already for ſome time ſuffered.

The joy, my lady felt at the Captain's approaching marriage, aſſured me, that I had choſen the beſt remedy to accompliſh her tranquility, and all our ſmall ſociety of friends rejoiced at the happi-

neſs of this tender couple as much as if it had been their own. The Captain thought every minute loſt, he did not totally dedicate to his beloved, and the day was appointed for the completion of his wiſhes.

I had already obtained the King's leave to reſign my regiment to the Captain; we lived in the beſt ſeaſon of the year. The Captain lived at my country ſeat, and there was but a day betwixt that, which was deſtined to put him into the poſſeſſion of his whole life's happineſs. He ſet out with my lady to Mr. Worden's where the marriage was to be ſolemnized. I could not follow them till the next day, on account of ſome matters at court. When I was going to ſtep into the coach, I remembered to have forgot ſomething in the Captains apartment. I ſearched for it and found by this opportunity ſome letters in his pocket book, which excited my

my curioſity; they were all directed to one Mr. Leblanc, which name was too deeply engraved on my heart, than that I ſhould not have opened the letters. They partly concerned ſome learned diſputes with his friends, partly ſome repreſentations from an old Roman Catholic prieſt, who reproached him with his little ardor for religion, and exhorted him, to be faithful to the church; there were ſome anſwers ſigned with the name Leblanc, and it was the very hand writing of the Captain. My heart trembled at the conjectures, it felt. Heavens! ſhould Leblanc be the unhappy ſon of Julia? ſhould I find him again in the Captain's perſon? with what terror and deteſtation would this meeting be joined? each minute, I ſtayed there, ſeemed to me too precious, leſt I ſhould happen to arrive too late to ſave the Captain and Julia from the utmoſt ignominy. Nobody but the Captain could explain me this terrible

 ſecret

ſecret; I reproached myſelf, as ſoon as I became more compoſed, for the precipitation, with which I had ſuffered myſelf to be torn away by ſuſpicion. The whole foundation depended on the name of Leblanc. How weak was it! was there no poſſibility of many other people's bearing this unhappy name? and why ſhould the Captain and Leblanc be the ſame perſon? was the reſemblance of hand writing a ſufficient proof?

My heart was equally divided betwixt love and fear, when I arrived at my friends country ſeat; I went with trembling ſteps to the hall, where they only waited for me, to join Julia and the Captain for ever. Alas! how tender, how happy did I find them! they ſat amidſt their friends in all the extacy, which love and virtue alone can be ſenſible of in theſe bleſſed minutes. Neither of them bluſhed at exchanging each others careſſes.

What

What terror and compaſſion tormented my heart in theſe dreadful minutes? the amorous Captain reproached me for tarrying, and immediately took the hand of his intended bride to conduct her to the clergyman. The utmoſt danger now approached. I whiſpered into his ear, that I muſt needs talk to him in private, before the ſolemnization and he followed me with ſome reſtraint into another apartment. My heart had never been in greater confuſion, than at this time; I trembled for the Captain's anſwers to my queſtion, though I was compelled to hear them. I aſked him, what was his real name, and who was Mr. Leblanc. He bluſhed and confeſſed to me, after ſome confuſion, that it was himſelf. Heaven! what a dagger in my breaſt. I was ſcarce able to aſk him the remaining queſtions concerning his parentage and education. The Captain embraced me after a ſmall ſilence and ſaid; 'Have compaſſion on

'an

'an unhappy perſon and do not aſcribe
'to him the want of a gift, he could not
'give himſelf. I know nothing of my
'birth; ſince the ſecond year of my age
'I was educated in a cloiſter under the
'name of Leblanc, and afterwards I have
'learnt ſo much, that my parents were
'Huguenots, though I never had the
'pleaſure of knowing them. I was de-
'ſtined for the gown and as it was as diſ-
'agreeable to me as the religion itſelf,
'in which I was brought up, I ſecretly
'left France to free myſelf from both,
'and changed my name in order to re-
'main unknown. Fortune has brought
'me to you and Julia, and I conjure
'you, do not rob me of this dear Julia,
'(the only happineſs, I can hope for) be-
'cauſe fate has not ſuffered me to de-
'ſcend from a family worthy of her.
'You, my Lord, have oftentimes told
'me yourſelf, that the mind alone makes
'us noble.'

In the condition, I found myſelf in, I was not able to underſtand the other arguments, with which the Captain endeavoured to move me. Alas! my heart had a more powerful object, my ſon—my unhappy ſon, to reflect on; but one queſtion was left me. I aſked the name of the cloiſter; he named the very ſame, wherein Julia's ſon had been confined. I ſaw this ſon, whom I had always ſo tenderly loved, but without the leaſt joy at ſeeing him again. All the ſcenes of horror, anguiſh and deſpair, I foreſaw, filled my heart. I was perplexed, how to extinguiſh this unhappy love in my ſon's breaſt, how I ſhould conceal this freſh accident from my lady's jealouſy, or how I could conceal Julia's ſhame and my own from the whole company. I muſt needs begin with the Captain. I ſummoned together all my courage in order to prepare him with more dexterity for the dreadful blow,

which

which threatened his love. 'Forget 'Julia, ſaid I, accoſting him, your mar-'riage is impoſſible; but you will on the 'other hand be much happier!' I was going to proceed in order to diſcover to him the inſurmountable obſtacles of his marriage and to rend from him the beloved object, by reſtoring to him his parents; but alas! what an unhappy ſcene. Julia and my lady entered the room. Our long ſtay had made them uneaſy. Could I now proceed? They found the Captain pale and dejected in a chair; Julia haſtened to him, and by a thouſand innocent careſſes, endeavoured to cheer him. He cloſed her in his arms. 'They 'intend, my dear Julia, ſaid he, frowning at me, 'to part us; but 'I ſwear by heaven, that they muſt firſt 'kill me in your arms.' It was impoſſible for me to ſuffer theſe two lovers any longer in this unhappy miſtake, without becoming ſtill more culpable, than I really

really was. Partly by force I drew Julia from the Captain's arms, and told her in a few words, that he was the fruit of our unhappy love. Nothing equalled her aſtoniſhment. The Captain approached her with all the marks of an uneaſy lover; but ſhe coolly puſhed him from her without ſaying one word. Here all on a ſudden he fell into the extravagancies of his native anger; 'Villain!' exclaimed he to me, 'I know you are my rival; but you 'ſhall not long rejoice in having deprived 'me of her;' and thus ſaying, he ruſhed at me with his ſword. Julia, the unhappy Julia, ran between us with the ſad cry of; 'Alas! what are you doing? 'will you murder your father?' this unhappy mother received that very inſtant upon her breaſt the thruſt, her ſon intended for me. The Captain, like a madman, threw himſelf on Julia, and amidſt the moſt frightful imprecations againſt me and himſelf, endeavoured to ſtop her blood.

blood. I was unable to riſe from the ſeat, where I ſat to aſſiſt her; and this melancholy ſcene drew the whole company into the room. It was me alone, who could diſcloſe the ſecret of this bloody adventure, and nevertheleſs they aſked me concerning the matter to no purpoſe. Our friends and our pleaſures vaniſhed; grief and murmurs ſucceeded. Julia, who had but a few minutes to live, was dreſſed, and they confined my ſon with the utmoſt care, in order to ſecure my life and his own from the attacks of his rage.

I alone diſcovered to Worden, what paſſed in my heart, and what could he do, but weep with me? We were in doubt, what to do with the Captain; ſhould we heighten his torments by the diſcovery of his having become the murderer of his own mother? We reſolved, if poſſible, to conceal this dreadful ſecret for

for ever from him; but alas! it was too late. The two queſtions, which Julia aſked him before the unhappy thruſt, he recollected as ſoon as his firſt fury was over. He perceived a ſmall ray of truth amidſt the darkneſs which ſurrounded him. What a deplorable ſight was his condition for a tender father! In every look, he caſt on me, I diſcovered the uneaſineſs of his ſoul. He ſeemed to be afraid of looking at me. A certain awe and ſhame had baniſhed the anger from his countenance, which a few minutes before threatened me with revenge.

'Alas! exclaimed he, I have offended 'you, my Lord! I have murdered my 'own bride! Can I be more unhappy? 'and perhaps I do not yet know the 'greatneſs of my misfortune. Explain 'me things, for which I dare not aſk 'you. Tell me the whole truth; I can-'not

'not be more miſerable, than I already 'am.'

He made me perceive the ſuſpicion, Julia's words had ariſen in him; but could I mention to him his father, without betraying at the ſame time his mother? What a cruel trial for my tenderneſs! I muſt needs deprive myſelf the pleaſures of embracing him as my ſon. I left him in his ignorance, and explained to him the name, Julia had given to me, as if ſhe had only intended to remember him of the kindneſs, I had ſhewn him.

My explanation was conſtrained; we were both ſenſible of it. He wanted to know the reaſons, which rendered his marriage with Julia impoſſible. I promiſed to diſcover them to him, when he was more compoſed, and diſengaged myſelf from him as ſoon as I could, in order to be no further expoſed to his curioſity.

Imme-

Immediately after I went to Julia, who was recovered from her ſwoon; and the firſt queſtion ſhe aſked me, was concerning her ſon. She made me relate the method, by which I had diſcovered him, and ſhe thanked providence, who had carefully ſaved her from being guilty of the moſt horrid crime, ſhe was going to commit. This very moment the Captain approached her bed-ſide, and knelt down before her, ſhewing her all, that deſpair and tenderneſs could ſuggeſt to an unhappy lover. I perceived the combat in Julia's ſoul, who wiſhed as much for her ſon's careſſes, as ſhe deſired to reward them with her's; but her virtue bluſhed, when ſhe ſaw, that ſhe did not receive his from her ſon, as on the contrary her careſſes were not received as from a mother, but as from a beloved. She being no longer miſtreſs of her heart,

wetted his cheeks with her maternal tears, and called him ſeveral times her ſon.

What agitations aroſe in his ſoul! I led him out of the room before his confuſion ſuffered him to utter his complaints, and even a Barbarian could not have denied him in the pitiful condition, he was in, his compaſſion. 'Deteſt me, 'cried he, tearing himſelf from me, I 'have killed my own ——. However I 'am virtuous. It is providence, I have 'to charge with my crimes. I will lift 'up my eyes without bluſhes to it, when 'itſelf ſhall bluſh at my crimes; but 'who are you, my Lord? proceeded he 'in the ſame exceſs of paſſion, do not 'diſſemble any longer—I know all—my 'heart tells it me—You are——' 'Thy 'father, my ſon.' Here I held him in my arms as ſpeechleſs as himſelf, and without any other feeling, but that I embraced my ſon and Julia's murderer, being

being at the ſame time convinced, that I deſerved to be puniſhed by him for my crimes.

I muſt for a minute return to my lady in this unhappy ſcene; I now ſaw the greatneſs of her ſoul. Though the whole ſecret of Julia was diſcloſed, ſhe felt nothing but compaſſion; not the leaſt ſign of her natural paſſion diſcovered itſelf. How happy ſhould we all have been, had ſhe always ſuppreſſed it! She took care of Julia with as much ardor and love, as if it had been myſelf, and Julia departed her life the next day in her arms and mine. 'Forgive me,' was her laſt words to Carolina, and 'pity my 'ſon.'

We concealed her death for ſome days from the Captain's knowledge; but at laſt he himſelf compoſedly entered my room. 'She is dead, ſaid he, do not

'firſt tell it me; I read it in all my 'friend's countenances, and the world 'ſhall not long be profaned through her 'murderer.' I trembled for the reſolution, he ſhould take, and made him recollect the duties, he owed to religion. He gueſſed my ſuſpicion, and replied, 'Do not be afraid. I do not deſire to become more vicious, than I already am.' He ſoon freed me from the uncertainty, his words had put me into. Some days after he departed unknown to me, and I very ſoon received an account from the army in P—, that he had found death in a trifling ſkirmiſh, which he ſearched for.

At laſt I awakened as from a dream from the inſenſibility, which my deplorable condition had plunged me into; but I only awakened to reproach myſelf the more. Who elſe was the ſole author of all theſe melancholy adventures but myſelf?

ſelf? I myſelf had been the unhappy inſtrument of the intended marriage between Julia and the Captain. What ſhould I have become under the burthen of my troubles, unleſs aſſiſted by religion? but it alone ſupported me. It taught me to adore the ways of providence, and to acknowledge the juſtice of my puniſhments; nay it did more: by its aſſiſtance I learnt to make uſe of my misfortunes, and it ſerved me to penetrate into the real greatneſs of human happineſs, rendering to me all the pomp, with which I was ſurrounded, nauſeous.

I reſigned at once all my employs, in order to find in ſolitude and in my own heart, the happineſs of a wiſe and virtuous man; neither the ſolicitations of my Sovereign, nor the deriſion of fools, altered my reſolution. I fled with my lady into the arms of Mr. Worden, and

his bride, in order to look down from ſolitude on a tumultuous world.

Far removed from the ſting of envy, and the more dangerous praiſes of flatterers, I at length found here the content, I had vainly ſought in the various circumſtances of my life. Fool, that I was! why muſt I firſt purchaſe this repoſe with numberleſs troubles? It is now, I begin to live, after the major part of my life is paſt. Here I ſee, that religion and friendſhip are the only ſprings, out of which men can alone draw the real happineſs of their lives. Only attended by my own tranquility, I now walk more pleaſed, and in my own eyes, more ambitious, than when, ſurrounded by all the noiſe of honour, even my vices were extolled to the rank of virtue from the ſervile applauſe of the populace. For the future my days are conſecrated to the rites of religion, to the love of mankind, to friend-

friendſhip and virtuous paſſion. Never perſecuted by the ſighs of the offended, but often bleſſed by the gratitude of the unhappy, they ſerenely glide away one after another; nothing profanes them, but the remembrance of my former follies. How dear would I purchaſe the happineſs of having never committed them! Oh youth! liſten to the voice of thy friend;

Be virtuous, if thou deſireſt to be happy in old age.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

ER-

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 6. Line 7. for *fanlſe* read *falſe*.
12. 17. leave out *into*.
24. 16. after the word *inſert* read *it*.
56. 19. for *ſtile* read *ſtill*.
62. 5. read *approbation of it*.
66. 7. for *ſleep* read *ſilence*.
97. 3. for *pertinaceous* read *pertinacious*.
104. 3. after *uncertainty* read *from which*.
113. 4. after *ſecured* read *her*.
127. 2. read *were* for *was*.
144. 17. after *Lordſhip* read *as I*.
182. 19. after *boſom* read *and being*.—
189. 4. inſtead of *than to have ſuffered* read *to ſuffer*.
197. 17. inſtead of, *of whom* read *whom*.

4 DE 58

VOL. II.

P. 10. l. 15. for *refuſed* read *refuted*.
22. 2. after *taking* read *him*.
44. 14. read *myſelf* for *me*.
47. 8. for *of* read *for*.
50. 21. for *bewait* read *bewail*.
72. 2. for *riſque* read *riſk*.
98. 1. for *in the ſea* read *at ſea*.
108. 15. after *ſhield* read *him*.
159. 12. for *interrupted* read *intercepted*.
190. 20. for *to ſhot* read *to ſhoot*.
204. 6. for *to them* read *to die*.
239. 10. after *ſhould* read *have thought*.
242. 6. for *hove* read *have*.